THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

VOL. VIII.—No. 45. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1861. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

THE

ACTRESS OF FORTUNE,

AND THE BALLET GIRL:

OR,

THE PRICE OF VIRTUE

WITH A SECRET LEAGUE.

A Tale of Crime and Criminals.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY H. J. ROGERS, ESQ.,

Author of "The Invisible Thief," &c.

CHAPTER II.

Walter Todd, Jobber—Mr. Benson's Interview with Todd—Wild Oats—Mercantile Agencies—The Lost Daughter—Fire—The Portrait—Mary Marks—Seek the Captain of the Dark Family—Next Morning—Sees Double—Out, Dead!—Frank Benson's Warning and Reproof.

It was a busy day in Cedar street—the day succeeding the events recorded in the last (and first) chapter, and Mr. Walter Todd, Jobber, was over head and ears in business. He was urging his clerks to renewed exertions, and the clerks, anxious to obtain his approval, bustled about with the most commendable activity. Suddenly Mr. Todd's face became clouded, and he looked inquiringly about him.

"Wilkins"—Wilkins was the book-keeper, and just at that moment was adding up a column of figures with a celerity that would have commanded the admiration of the "lightning calculator" himself—"Wilkins, has young Mr. Benson been here this morning?"

"Twenty-five—seventy-five—confound that pen!—hav'nt seen him, sir—ninety-five—one hundred and thirty—don't know, really—two hundred—what did you say, sir?"

"Has Frank Benson been down this morning!" repeated the jobber.

"I believe not—two hundred and twenty-five, forty, fifty, &c. &c."

Mr. Todd turned away, and entered his private office.

"I can't understand that young man," he said to himself.

And then, drawing a sheet of paper towards him he began to write.

Let us describe him while we have the opportunity, for it was very seldom that Mr. Todd remained in the same position for five consecutive minutes; she was always on the alert, and the expression of his features was always changing. He was about twenty-seven years of age. His nose was slightly hooked, blue eyes, a pale face, fringed with black whiskers, which, beginning at his ears, met under the chin, and gave the countenance a round, full aspect that contrasted oddly enough with its ghastly color. His body was well put together, and the conviction insensibly crept into the mind, in contemplating him, that Mr. Walter Todd was a far more formidable man to deal with than men of his trade usually are. There was a stern confidence in his glance that intimated clearly enough his reliance upon his own acuteness and penetration.

He was still engaged in writing when a clerk entered and stated that a gentleman wished to see him.

"Who is he?" enquired Todd, without looking up.

"Mr. Benson, Sen."

"What! Frank's father?"

"Yes."

"Let him come in at once."

Mr. Todd, leaving his desk, advanced to the fire which was burning redly in the grate, turned his back to it, clasped his hands together, and awaited the coming of his visitor. The old gentleman presently showed his benevolent face, and they shook hands with much warmth of manner.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said Todd.

"I am sure," replied Mr. Benson, "that it gives me great satisfaction to find you so well and so—busy."

"Yes, the business has been lively of late; in fact, we have seldom anything to complain of on that score."

"I'm glad of that, and now, concerning the business that brought me—my son has not been here this morning?"

"No, he has not. I was just asking Wilkins about him; and, to tell you the truth, Frank seems to have lost all taste for a commercial life."

"I half expected that you would tell me this, Mr. Todd, yet, deeply as I am pained to hear it, I must confess that he is strangely altered."

"Oh, sir!" continued the jobber, "young men *will* be young men, and I hope that as he grows older, he will become steadier and more attentive to his duties."

"I hope so, indeed."

"Were it not, however—I speak plainly, Mr. Benson—for the friendship I bear towards you, I would not be disposed to retain him longer in my establishment; he gives a bad example to the other clerks, and I have already overheard murmurs concerning the favor I show him. Not that I care for such demonstrations, but still, as you know, it's embarrassing."

"So it is, undoubtedly; but we will give him another chance."

"Just as you say, Mr. Benson; I am perfectly willing."

"I fear that he has had hitherto too much money in his possession, and I have come to the conclusion of leaving him, for a time, to his own resources."

"His salary," said Todd, "is certainly sufficient for all the comforts that a young man should require; it is as much as I spend myself. He is valuable to me when he keeps straight; his talents are first class, and I pay him well."

"You pay him too generously, Mr. Todd, too generously."

"No, I can't say that; but it ought to be enough for his wants, without any assistance from you."

"At all events, he will have to be satisfied with it hereafter, for I consider it my duty to deprive him of the means of ruining himself. You will hardly credit what I tell you, yet he came home last night, or rather this morning, completely intoxicated, unable to utter a word."

"Indeed! that *is* deplorable."

"I know not what to do with him, Mr. Todd, he seems to have lost all sense of propriety, and associates with the most abandoned characters. Oh! had I foreseen this"—

"Nay, sir, don't be downcast about it. Strange as it may seem," and the jobber smiled sarcastically, "I was considered a very dissipated young man myself *once*, and yet I have reformed and prospered."

"Oh! would that he had but one-tenth of your good sense and candor. There is only a difference of five or six years in your ages, but what an immense dissimilarity in your characters. Bad as he is, however, I do not think he will ever be guilty of any great crime."

"No, no!" said Mr. Todd, warmly, "I have remarked him closely, and, in my judgment, his faults all lie upon the surface; his heart, sir, is in the right place."

"God grant that it be so!"

"Some months since we were speaking of admitting your son into partnership with me, on which occasion you promised to add ten thousand dollars to our capital. Much as that sum would benefit the business at present, the proposed arrangement must be dropped until Frank changes his habits."

"Yes, yes, the project must be given up."

"You see," resumed Mr. Todd, "the clerk may be a fast liver, and the business of his employer will not suffer; but let the partners once forget their dignity, and squander their cash foolishly, and their good name is gone like a flash of lightning."

"There is no denying it," said Mr. Benson.

"These 'Mercantile Agencies' which have lately taken their root in New York, keep their spies and informers forever on the wing, prying into the public actions and domestic affairs of every business man, and so varied and extensive are their means of collecting information that nothing, absolutely nothing, escapes them."

"Come, come, you are giving them too much credit."

"Not a bit of it. Why, sir, two or three years ago, if I wanted to find out the standing and responsibility of a buyer, I was obliged to hunt all over the city, and inquire of the people who had dealings with him; but to-day, I walk over to the 'Agency,' and in twenty minutes know more about the man than, in all probability, he knows about himself."

"It is a singular system, I grant; still it has its advantages, for, while others profit by the watch maintained on you, you also profit by that maintained on them."

"But you must confess that the 'Agencies' hold even greater power over many men than the law itself; and, however upright and honest the conductors of these establishments may be, there are persons in their employ who will not scruple to use whatever dangerous knowledge they may obtain, for the advancement of their own interest."

"Surely *you* have not suffered from them, Mr. Todd."

"No, no, I merely dislike the system, and think it should be abolished. I flatter myself that the record of Walter Todd is clean enough to suit the most exacting."

Perhaps, notwithstanding these fine words, the jobber had a reason for disparaging the Mercantile Agencies, for very few held the same opinion regarding them.

"There was another matter," resumed Mr. Benson, "that I wished to consult you about; it had nearly slipped from my mind altogether. You have heard me speak of my daughter, Jessie—she whom I lost fourteen years ago."

"Yes, proceed."

"One night the house in which I dwelt was burned to the ground, and, besides the furniture and many valuable papers, I lost a large sum of money. But these petty misfortunes were forgotten in a much greater calamity, one that has weighed upon my spirits ever since. After the fire, my daughter was missing; Mrs Benson had hurried from the house without looking for the child, thinking she was in charge of the girl who slept in the nursery. But this woman, Mary Marks—but you seem agitated."

"No, no," said Mr. Todd, "go on."

"Mary Marks had left the house early in the evening without my knowledge or consent, and our natural belief was that Jessie had perished in the flames. But the day after the conflagration a fireman called upon me, said he had been one of the first at the burning house, and beheld a woman carrying a child from the place; he had not questioned her at the time, but distinctly remembered the circumstance, and even described Jessie in a manner that left no doubt of his veracity. I took every measure that a father could take to recover her, called in the services of the police, offered rewards for information in all the papers, but everything was unavailing, the most persevering efforts could not give me a clue to her whereabouts. I think she still lives."

"I think so too," said Mr. Todd, drawing a long breath.

"What reason could any one have had for stealing her?"

"To wring money from you through your affections."

"But there never was an application for any."

"It might have been done for revenge."

"No, I had no enemies; none that I was aware of."

"The person who carried her off must have been actuated by one of the two motives, avarice or revenge. It was not the former; clearly, the latter must have prompted him."

"May not somebody have taken a liking to the child, and"—

"No, the man who is sufficiently human to be fond of children would never be guilty of such a cruel act as that. I have not studied human nature for nothing, and, should your daughter be ever restored to your arms—which I devoutly hope—you will find that revenge, and revenge only, was at the bottom of her disappearance."

"It is horrible to think of the fate she would undergo, should the hatred manifested towards me be also extended to her."

"How old was she?"

"About three years."

"So that she is now, if living"—

"Nearly eighteen, a woman."

"What became of Mary Marks?"

"I never saw her afterwards."

"*She* holds the key to this mystery, be certain. She must be found."

"Here is my daughter's likeness as she was fourteen years ago," said Mr. Benson, drawing a portrait from his breast.

Great as was Walter Todd's command of countenance, his features grew livid and convulsive as he surveyed the likeness of Jessie Benson.

"Are you unwell?" questioned the old man.

"No, a passing attack; I am subject to them. What a lovely creature this is."

"You stick too closely to business," continued Mr. Benson, who thought Todd paler than he had seen him before.

"Pooh! don't say that, or people will imagine that I am becoming an invalid. 'Poor fellow,' they would say, 'he never was himself after that last attack;' and, however lusty I might be, all would swear that I was withered away to a skeleton, and unable to carry on the business any longer. Bless your soul, Mr. Benson, a merchant might as well be considered mad as sick. I know them, I know them," and Mr. Todd actually shivered with hilarity.

"Well, Mr. Todd, is it your impression that further search for my daughter would be useless?"

"No, certainly not; on the contrary, I would urge you to perseverance, and I would even assist you myself, if"—

"Your assistance is what I most desire."

"Walter Todd looked keenly at the old man, and, at length, as if satisfied with the scrutiny, said:—

"It has lately been revealed to me that there is an association in New York, whose means of spying into mysteries exceed those of the 'Mercantile Agencies' themselves. It is known (to those who know anything about it, you understand,) as the Dark Family. I would advise you to apply to them; disclose to their leader the facts you have mentioned to me, and, if Jessie is still alive, and in the city, they will restore her to your arms."

"But where is this Dark Family to be found?"

"Patience; I will come to that presently. One of my customers who, through their good offices has recovered a large amount of money, let me into the secret of their existence. They are of desperate characters; respect no laws but those which bind them together, and hesitate at nothing which will enhance their own prosperity. Pay them well, they will serve you well, and it is my sincere conviction that, if the Dark Family undertakes to find your daughter she will be found. Their head quarters—and this you must never disclose under any consideration—are in Roosevelt street, in a rather mean locality. Will you have the courage to visit them?"

"I have the courage to do anything that may bring me nearer to my child."

Todd wrote something on a strip of paper.

"Here are the directions. Go to the place to-morrow night—I can do nothing more."

"I am much obliged for the interest—"

"Don't mention it, my dear sir; I shall be doubly repaid if I can be of any service to you; I shall indeed."

Mr. Benson arose, and the gentlemen shook hands as warm'y as when they met, for both were satisfied with the interview.

The old merchant was gone, and Mr. Walter Todd again stood before the fire, with his hands clasped together.

A clerk poked his head in at the door.

"Mr. Jones, sir, has bought a bill of goods amounting to ninety dollars. He pays cash, and wants six per cent off."

"Can't do it!—five."

"He is one of our oldest customers."

"Nothing more than five—begone!"

The clerk vanished. The clerk again appeared—

"He won't buy, sir, unless we allow six per cent discount."

"Let him go to—! we can't do it."

The clerk vanished. The clerk again appeared—

"He'll take 'em, sir, at six off."

"Let him take 'em, and be—!"

Mr. Todd was not in the best humor, and it was very seldom indeed that his placid temper was so much ruffled.

Frank Benson crawled out of bed about twelve o'clock, with a frothy tongue, a ringing in the ears, and a very bad headache. He tried to recall the events of the preceding night. He remembered his ride on the carriage; Stephens and Henrietta; the river and Hugh Canley—and that was all. The rest was a complete blank; but his clothes had not been taken off, and from this he argued that he had come home drunk. It required very little argument, however, to establish that point, for Mr. Frank Benson seldom came home sober. He shaved himself, and his hand trembled terribly, so that he was in some doubt whether he was really himself or had been metamorphosed into some other person during his sleep, for his hand was usually steady in the morning. His face had lost its ruddy, healthful color, his eyes were sunken in the sockets, and a blue line, like a boundary on a map, wound its way beneath them; his hands were extremely hot and feverish, and every chair had a trick of looking like two chairs—to say nothing of the window which he frequently mistook for the looking glass. "Poor Frank!" he was paying the penalty that invariably overtakes the druskard, unless his stomach is too well seasoned to feel the effect of the poison he imbibes.

A bath and a glass of brandy made him all right, as he thought, but he had not the slightest inclination for breakfast. The very idea of food almost made him sick. The late hours were beginning to tell. Having completed his toilet, he inquired for the "governor." The "governor" was absent. Frank was displeased at this unaccountable behavior on the "governor's" part, for he had intended that very morning to solicit from him the loan of a few hundreds, as his funds, like the sands of life of the venerable physician, were nearly run out.

Finally, Frank Benson sallied out into the street, and—and impelled, perhaps, by his evil genius—bent his steps towards the house to which Henrietta had been conveyed the previous night. When within fifty yards of it, a lady tripped down the stoop, and turned in the direction of Broadway. It was Henrietta Lyon herself.

She was attired in the most elegant style, and her spread of crinoline was enormous. Frank thought she had never looked so charming before, and his admiration was nearly irrepressible as she displayed a neat ancle in crossing the curb stone. Miserable man that he was! another had supplanted him in her affections; stolen the rose that he had watched budding forth in the humble precincts of Chatham street, and transferred it, in all its virgin freshness, to his own bosom. Unfortunate Frank!

Henrietta never paused or looked behind her, so that he kept her easily in view. As she walked leisurely down Broadway, many a whiskered Apollo turned on his heel to gaze after her, and the gentlemen with large whiskers and outlandish hats, standing in front of the St. Nicholas, were thrown into a flutter of excitement at her approach. Her graceful, even step was the poetry of motion. The world of fashion—the female portion of it, at least—were out shopping, and the sidewalks were covered with the wives and daughters of our merchant princes—the republican aristocracy. It would be a pretty difficult thing, we imagine, to determine exactly what the word "shopping" denotes; it does not always mean buying, for ladies often call in at eight or ten stores, and come away empty handed from the expedition. Perhaps we may give it any meaning we choose without fear of contradiction; certainly, like charity, it covers a multitude of sins.

Miss Lyon at length entered one of the grand bazaars, and Frank floated up and down before the door, now peering into the shops to see what was going on, again appearing to be deeply interested in the inspection of a piece of silk in the window.

Suddenly he lifted his eyes, and Henrietta stood before him. Raising his hat about three inches in the approved manner, he bowed; but she gave no sign of recognition, sweeping past as if he had been a figure placed there by the shop keeper to display his goods.

She did not know him!

Before his amazement had abated, the fair creature mingled with the throng, and was lost to sight.

"Come, sir," said a small boy with a large duster in his hand, "don't block up the side walk—now, don't! sir; let the ladies pass in."

Swelling with indignation, Frank hastened away. Oh! the ingratitude of woman! what tongue can speak—what pen describe it! Here was a girl who, but two days before, esteemed herself honored by his attentions; and, now, she actually cut him in broad day—denied him a word of recognition. When he reached Maiden Lane he saw his father coming towards him, the old gentleman having just quitted Mr. Todd. Dodging over the way, he hurried round into Cedar street, resolving to put off his application for money until a more favorable opportunity. The press of business was over as Frank entered, and several of the clerks, who were lounging about the store, came forward to meet him.

"Hello! old fel.," said one, "been on a spree? You look used up."

"Well he does, Shorty," added another.

Frank laughed.

"Your 'governor's' been here," continued Shorty.

"When?"

"He left about two minutes since."

"Did he stay long?" enquired Frank.

"Was closeted with Todd for over an hour."

The jobber himself was now seen at the door of his office, and the counter-jumpers fell back to their occupation—killing time.

The merchant signed to Frank, and the young gentleman accordingly walked into the private office.

"We've been busy to-day," commenced Mr. Todd.

"I'm not surprised at it—not surprised at anything," returned Frank, thinking of Henrietta.

The jobber's face grew red.

"I must say, sir, you take it coolly. I pay you for your time, Mr. Benson, and your time belongs to me; is it the part of honesty to neglect your duties in this manner?"

Frank was silent.

"Once for all," went on the jobber, "if this state of things continues, I will do without your services altogether."

"You dare not discharge me."

"Dare not! beware, sir; do not presume upon my friendship for your father, or I will forget it."

Frank left the office without replying.

"I dare not!" said Todd to himself, "what can he mean by that? Has he discovered anything? Has any one betrayed me? Can a suspicion of the truth have made him so defiant? We shall see."

CHAPTER III.

Benson, Sr., Visits the "Dark Family"—Enlists Stephens, the Captain, in Search for his Daughter—Shrewdness—The Retaining Fee—Stephens and the Jew—Too Much for a Bad Bargain—Will You Give up the Note?—The Secret Whisper—Don't Betray Me!—Castles in the Air—False, Beautiful, and Cold.

It was early in the evening as Mr. Benson, Sen., took his way down Roosevelt street, on his visit to the Dark Family. Warm garments protected him from the severe cold, and he stole stealthily along, hiding his face in his cloak, lest some friend might chance to meet him in that obscure neighborhood, so different from his usual haunts. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the street was filled with men, women, and children, for the open air was no colder than the dreary attics in whose recesses they dragged out a miserable existence of woe and destitution. Pale, gaunt men flitted, shadow-like, past him, as if flying from their own want and wretchedness to richer quarters of the town, where they might gaze upon the wealth that was denied them, and behold the happiness of others, though forlorn and unsettled themselves. Sounds of merriment and yells of rage issued from the taverns on either side, and occasionally a poor creature would stagger past, whose bloodshot eyes and thick utterance reminded him of his own son, the graceless Frank.

The retreat of the Dark Family was reached at last, and, according to the directions of Mr. Todd, he knocked three times, and anxiously awaited the result. The old porter responded to the summons, listened patiently as Mr. Benson made known his wish to see the Captain, and then bade him walk in.

Instead of bringing him, however, to the apartment devoted to the band, he preceded him up a rickety staircase, and ushered him into a small room illuminated by a tallow candle, set in the neck of a soda-water bottle. Stephens himself was here, and seemed somewhat amazed as the corpulent form of Mr. Benson darkened the doorway. He requested the old gentleman to be seated, taking care at the same time to place the soda water bottle in such a position that the full light of the candle shone upon Mr. Benson's face, while his own head was entirely in the shade. The merchant noticed this manœuvre, but made no comment upon it; he felt, from the moment he crossed the threshold, that the man before him was thoroughly initiated in the secret workings of the heart; one who was never taken off his guard, and whose coolness and self-possession never deserted him.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I am under the impression that we have met before."

"It may be so," returned Stephens, carelessly; "one meets many people in a lifetime. Your name would"—

"My name is Benson."

"I cannot recall any former transactions with any one of that name. You are here, I presume, to obtain the assistance of the Family in some affair in which you are interested."

"Yes."

"Before we proceed further you must inform me who directed you to this house."

"But, sir"—

"We never depart from our rules, Mr. Benson, and seldom do business with those who are strangers to us."

"Well, I believe I may mention the gentleman, he gave me no commands to the contrary."

"It will greatly facilitate our intercourse," said the Captain.

"It was Mr. Walter Todd, jobber, of Cedar street."

Stephens scribbled the name in his note-book.

"Now, sir, I am ready to hear you."

Mr. Benson related all which he had previously imparted to Todd, and at the conclusion of the story the Captain promised to set the Family at work, and spare no labor that might bring to a fortunate termination the search that was entrusted to him.

"Should we be finally successful," he asked, "what reward will you be disposed to give?"

"I would not consider two thousand dollars too much, and will cheerfully hand you that amount."

"The very sum I paid for Henrietta," thought Stephens. "That will be acting generously," he said aloud, "but we will also require what the lawyers call a retaining fee, a deposit as an earnest of your good faith. I must consult the interest of others, or I would not require it. One hundred and fifty dollars will suffice."

Mr. Benson had brought more than that with him, to provide for contingencies, and produced the amount at once. He then handed Stephens the portrait of his daughter, and immediately after took his leave.

"How strangely things come about," said the Captain to himself. "That note signed 'Mary Marks,' which I stumbled over in Lyon's house; this portrait; the Jew's readiness in selling her—well, there is a fair prospect opening before me, and I may as well be married now as ever."

Having arrived at this sensible conclusion, Stephens got up and quitted the house. His destination was Mr. Lyon's store in Chatham street. The Jew's assistant was squatted on a chair behind the door, looking through the frost dimmed glass in expectation of a customer.

"Is Mr. Lyon in?" demanded Stephens.

"Yes, in his room. I'll call him down."

"Never mind, I'll announce myself."

The Captain proceeded to the back of the shop, and ascended the stairs; as he paused a moment on the first landing, he distinctly heard the click of money—the music dearest to a miser's heart.

"Ha! the old rascal is counting his treasure, and the contemplation of it will render him still more griping and penurious. I'll give him a shock presently."

He tapped at one of the lower panels with the toe of his boot; the clink of coin ceased; a chair was hastily moved in the room; the sound of keys and bolts followed, and Lyon at last made his appearance, wearing a grin of disappointment at this untimely interruption.

"So help me!—how do you do, Mr. Stephens?"

Although Stephens was the last man on earth that he would wish to pry into his secrets, his frowns were replaced by smiles on beholding him, and, in a tone of feigned warmth, he invited him to enter.

"What can I do for you this evening?" enquired the Jew.

"The truth is, Lyon, I've been thinking over the bargain we made the other night, and the more I turn it over in my mind, the more I am impressed with the fact that I paid you too much."

"Is not the girl handsome?"

"Beyond a doubt."

"Accomplished?"

"I suppose so."

"Then, what can you mean, Mr. Stephens? She may be a little refractory at first, but—"

"I will relieve you on that point; Henrietta is more tractable than my wildest dreams had imagined."

"And yet you growl at the price, and wonder that I ask two thousand dollars for such loveliness!"

"No, that is not what I am driving at; but I question your right to sell her."

"Can't a father do what he likes with his own child?"

"Not always."

"Of course, the law would not bear me out in the transaction, but this sale was a private agreement between us—between men of honor. The law has nothing to do with it, and, even should it come before the courts, you are as guilty as myself."

"Oh! no, Lyon. Henrietta is my wife."

"Your wife!" exclaimed the Jew.

"Yes! that makes me secure, but your guilt is none the less."

"Nonsense! Mr. Stephens. You cannot make me believe that a marriage has been consummated between you; that would be too silly."

"'Tis true, no clergyman has blessed our union, but she came to me willingly, stays with me willingly, and as I shall acknowledge her before witnesses to be my wife, and have the ceremony performed, if necessary, I am on safe ground in refusing to pay you the two thousand dollars."

The jeering tone in which these words were uttered drove the Jew nearly frantic with rage.

"This is an atrocious swindle, sir, but, so help me! it's too late, too late. I hold your note for the sum, and when it matures—"

"You will make me a present of it."

"That shall be seen hereafter, Mr. Stephens; besides, it is already in the market, and you will have to settle it with the present holder, not with me."

"Don't be in a hurry. A moment since you said it *was* in your hands, now you assert that it is not. If you have parted with it, however, I would advise you to take it up again."

"I'm the best judge of that; and, notwithstanding your fine talk about a marrage with Henrietta, you would think it over a long time before bringing the matter into the courts."

"There's some truth in that."

"You can't frighten me, Mr. Stephens, nor beat me out of my claim."

"Is there nothing else, Lyon, for which the officers of justice could lay you by the heels? During your long career in New York, you have certainly been guilty of something that—"

"Pshaw!" broke in the Jew, "I have no intention of making you my confessor."

"Nor do I want the office. I am sufficiently posted on your past life already, and could throw you into prison any moment."

"All very good—go on!"

"Did you ever hear of a Mr. Benson? Why, how you tremble!"

"No, I know no such person," said Lyon, faintly.

Stephens leaned over the table, and whispered a couple of sentences in the Jew's ear. Their effect was positively frightful. Lyon lay back in his chair, gasping like one at the point of death, his eyes rolling fearfully, and his hands clutching the table as if he would tear it to pieces in his agony.

"No, no!" he faltered out, "you are amusing yourself at my expense. Ha! ha!—my God! it's false—it's a lie!"

"Is it?" said the Captain, coolly. "I have the proof—Mary Marks—"

"She's dead years ago."

"I can bring her to life when I want her. You'll give up the note, won't you?"

"God help me! I am ruined—ruined! Take the note, and curses on the day I first laid eyes upon you! But it will end here—promise me that—you won't betray me?"

"Betray you! no, not unless you drive me to it. Good night, but, before I go, I may as well warn you that henceforth Henrietta and you are strangers to each other—no matter what she may do, no matter where you may meet her, never divulge to a living being that you are her—*father*."

As Stephens went out, his eye fell upon a ten dollar gold piece lying on the floor, one dropped by Lyon in counting his ill-gotten store. Small as the circumstance was, it gave him food for reflection, and he began to calculate that the Jew's wealth would be very welcome to the coffers of the Family. His spirits were light and buoyant, as the car bore him rapidly homeward, for Henrietta, the peerless Henrietta, was expecting him. In her company he could forget for a time the cares and anxieties of his position; in her lustrous eyes view nothing but joy and pleasure; in the soft melody of her voice hear nothing but assurances of bliss that banished all shadows from his path. Truly, she was a glorious prize, more valuable than any gem that ever concealed its brightness in the unopened mine, or sparkled among the lonely caves, and shifting sands of the ocean.

And, now, she boasted an attraction even superior to beauty. The portrait he had received from Mr. Benson, although it was that of a girl only three years old, bore the most striking resemblance to Henrietta; and this similarity of feature, backed by the note written to Lyon by Mary Marks, left not the least doubt in his mind that his mistress was indeed the retired merchant's daughter. The Jew had not entirely said so, but *almost* admitted as much when he beseught Stephens not to betray him, and renounced all claim upon the two thousand dollars. If *she* was not the girl Lyon had stolen, who else could it be?

The residence of Mary Marks would have to be discovered, and then, by marrying Henrietta, he would come in for a share of Mr. Benson's wealth, and, forsaking his present perilous ways, assume a firm and respectable standing in society. Pleasant dreams of future happiness went with him as he neared home—dreams, that like most of those with which we delude ourselves here below, destiny never intended to be realized.

Already he worshipped Henrietta as a pagan might worship his senseless god, with a profound, enduring love that nothing could shake or undermine. Accustomed, as he was, to those scenes in which the worst passions of humanity are brought into play, she had crossed his path like a vision of light—a beacon to which he might turn for strength and consolation when wearied with the endless strife that clung to his footsteps, and disgusted with the intrigues and duplicities of those with whom he mixed. From the facility, however, with which she had embraced his fortunes, a dread, faint and almost imperceptible, that she was heartless and depraved, somewhat lessened his raptures; but there was a mixture of vanity in the composition of George Stephens—what man is free from it?—and he persuaded himself that he had really made an impression on her heart, and that the conquest of her virtue was owing rather to his own fascinations than to a corrupt nature in Henrietta herself. So readily do we believe what we wish to believe. The most prudent men make fools of themselves where women are concerned; their usual wisdom seems to be extinguished, and their caution replaced by blind confidence and childish credulity.

The Captain's heart throbbed unwontedly as he entered the hall of his house in Broome street, and made his way to the parlor, expecting to find Henrietta there. His housekeeper was sitting on a sofa, reading, but his eyes vainly glanced about in search of Miss Lyon.

"Where is Henrietta?" he asked.

"Out," was the reply.

"Out at this time of night—impossible! What could have induced her to such a step?"

"She went away about one o'clock, to procure some articles of dress, and returned at four. After tea she departed again, and I have not seen her since."

"This is incomprehensible. Where can she be? What can she be doing?"

"I don't know, sir."

Some one was now heard at the front door, and the next moment Henrietta came into the parlor. She colored deeply on perceiving Stephens, but advanced towards him with a well assumed air of ease and confidence.

"My love," began the Captain, "I was afraid that some accident had befallen you."

"Oh! no, Mr. Stephens, I merely looked at some jewels at Tiffany's, and—"

"But you were not there since seven this evening?"

"No, I chanced to meet my father, and while we were conversing the hours slipped away unnoticed."

Stephens was nearly speechless at this barefaced falsehood.

"Might I ask," he continued, "when you parted with him?"

"About twenty minutes ago."

Just that space had elapsed since Stephens quitted Lyon in Chatham street.

Here, the housekeeper discreetly left the parlor.

"Perhaps you saw some other relation to-day," remarked the Captain drily.

"Only my father—stop, I did see an old admirer of mine, Frank Benson."

"We are getting at the truth at last," thought Stephens.

"Benson! who is he?"

"Oh! nobody in particular—a young man who fancied that I was

in love with him, or that he was in love with me, something of that sort."

"What does he do?"

"How curious you are I believe he's a clerk in the store of one Walter Todd, in Cedar street."

"Indeed!"

"There's nothing wonderful in that, is there?"

"No; I suppose not."

During th s conversation Henrietta had removed her bonnet and shawl, and all the exquisite symmetry of her form was now apparent beneath the close fitting dress that displayed rather than concealed her unequalled charms.

Stephens wound his arm about her waist, and drew her towards him. She received the caress unresistingly, but without any responsive show of affection.

"You are a beautiful woman," he murmured, "but cold—cold as a marble statue"—To be Continued.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"HOLD ON," Deerfield, MASS.—In the watch trading question referred to us by you lately, you have evidently overlooked a principle which is a rock on which some of our friends here have split; for the question has created considerable interest. It is this:—Though C marked in favor of A, the opinions of C and A can in no wise, either in whole or in part, be *added together*; nor, in marking, could either for a moment have contemplated that any part of his opinion could have been construed as so much *in addition* to any other opinion which might have been given also in A's favor. Each is independent, assigning the utmost limit which, in his opinion, B should pay A. This, then, is clearly an example of two things of the same kind in which the less nullifies its own amount of the greater. Thus, the greatest limit of odds from B to A is not $11, but a sum that shall exactly balance both opinions of $5 and $6, giving each its due weight. Now, as there are two of them, with a difference of $1, their joint opinion is clearly a division of this difference, or $5 50. This is evidently strict justice to A and C, irrespective of B's opinion. But now, "on the other side of the equation," so to speak, all parties have agreed to consider and give full weight to B's opinion. He comes in with a mark of $5 in his own favor, *i. e.*, $5 *per contra* to the balanced or equalized opinion of A and C against him. Thus, then, $5 50 minus $5 00 equals 50 cents. *Therefore*, we decide that B shall pay A 50 cents; and reiterate that this is giving due and just weight to all the opinions advanced. But we cannot close this subject without making one remark, and correcting another error. In analyzing this question, no regard must be had to the commercial propriety of the result attained; the agreement was to weigh fully the opinions marked, and, however just, or however absurd, to trade absolutely upon the basis formed by these opinions, as marked.

R. H., Iroquois, W. C.—"A sett of harness was raffled for, the winner to pay for drinks for the crowd. G. P. threw 41: S. D. bought the throw, and it won. Now who pays for the drinks? One party contend that as P. threw the highest throw, he was winner; the others hold that as D. bought P's throw, he, D, was winner. The question to be decided is—was the man who *threw* the highest throw, and sold it, the winner; or was the man who *bought* the throw, and got the harness, the winner. We want to know who invites us to imbibe?".....The man who bought the throw, and got the harness, must pay for the drinks. No secession, but pay the shot. P., in disposing of his throw, sold out all right, title, and interest in the raffle; and in buying, D. bought the right to treat the crowd.

R. HAMILTON, N. Y.—*Cribbage*—1. Three sevens and one eight in hand, with a six turned up, count as follows:—First, fifteen-six, for the three eights and seven; second, six, for the pair royal of eights; third, nine for the three sequences of six, seven, eight; twenty-one in all. 2 Hoyle lays down the order of counting a hand thus:—First, fifteens; second, pairs; third, pair royals; fourth, double pair royals; fifth, sequences; sixth, flushes; seventh, "one for his nob." This order is given to facilitate the counting, and not as a rule to be strictly observed, as a player may count his hand in what order he pleases, so long as he counts it correctly.

HAILIE NICHOL JARVIE, Charleston.—"I bet that Lincoln obtained more of the popular vote than Douglas and Breckenridge. Do I win or lose?".....You do not state whether you mean Douglas and Breckenridge's votes separately or combined. We give you the returns, however. Lincoln, 1 857 610; Douglas, 1,365,976; Breckenridge, 847 953. By these figures you will observe that Lincoln obtained 491 634 more than Douglas, and 1 009,657 more than Breckenridge; but the combined vote of Douglas and Breckenridge exceeds Lincoln's by 356,319.

S. HUBSKH, Hamilton, O.—1. The next player to the left of the one that made the trump. 2 We have not a copy. 3. London is said to be larger than Pekin. The population of London approximates to 3,000,000, while Pekin, according to report, does not much exceed 2,000 000. 4 The gentleman is in the hotel and banking business. 5. We doubt very much whether the number of volcanoes in the world is known; at least, we have never seen it recorded. 6 There is no such magazine published.

B. F. B HOLLISTON.—Your statement confirms us in our opinion, that it was a tie. You took 129 as the number of your roll; consequently, if your opponent made 129 he tied; if less, he lost; if more, he won. You are mistaken also in reference to the horse question. If a horse is backed to *beat* a certain time, say 2:30, and if he makes it in just 2:30 he loses; but if he is backed to *make*, or *equal* a certain time; and makes it exactly, why of course, the horse wins.

J. P. MCL, Mobile—1 "In a game of All Fours, A has six points, and B has not scored a point; A then bets that he will go out before B has made a chalk. On playing out their hands, A has low, and B has high, game. Does A go out before B makes a point? 2. Suppose A had high, and B low game; would not A have won then?".....1 B makes a point with high, and therefore wins the bet. 2. A would have won the wager, if he had played high.

PAT. MANNING, who was arrested a week or two since on the charge of fighting, is requested to state whether he lived in Philadelphia five years ago, for if so, his brother residing there would like to hear from him. The Pat Manning sought after is about 22 years of age, fair complexion, native of Tipperary, Ireland, and has lost the first joint of the middle finger of the left hand.

J. MCDONALD.—1. The dog Waterford Jack hails from Waterford, Ireland, whence he was imported, via Liverpool and New Orleans, to this city. 2 Waterford was added to his name, doubtless, to distinguish him from the many other Jacks who have been famous canine warriors.

STAKEHOLDER, Chicago.—"A bets B $20 that Lincoln will be the next President of the United States. B claims that if any States secede, he wins".....A wins, for the United States still exist, notwithstanding the secession movement in the South. The "American Union" is not so easily broken up as had been imagined.

M. M., Muskegon.—1. The fight between John Morrissey and Bill Poole was a rough and tumble 2 Poole was shot at Stanwix Hall, Broadway, February 24, 1855, and died March 8, 1855. 3 The bullet was found, after Poole's death, embedded in his heart. 4. We have not all those numbers complete.

JAS. JOHNS, Eagle River, Mich.—The letter containing money for subscriptions for yourself and eleven other gentlemen did not come to hand, until Feb 18th, although mailed by you Jan 24 You will absolve us therefore from blame in reference to the delay. Thank you.

ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EARS AND EYES OPEN.—*We* wrote the article. It came from no correspondent. Because we refer to one, it does not follow that we should notice all. However, your communication would have more weight, if your name had been attached to it.

O. L. B., Louisville.—"God save the Union," say we, also. Your remarks are very correct. We always like to say a good word for the "people," when the facts are brought properly before our notice. See our regular.

ROVER BOYS, London C W.—On papers, magazines, and books, when sent here in bulk, there is a duty of 8 per cent charged. An effort is now being made to make the duty 15 cents per pound. When coming through the mail, the postage covers all charges.

P. M. V., Louisville, Ky.—We have not space to give you all the necessary information, in this department. You had better procure a copy of "Dinks & Mayhew on the Dog," in which you will find full particulars, with the various remedies.

M. C.—1. Mr. Boniface's first engagement was at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, in 1851. 2 His first appearance in New York was at the old Bowery Theatre, in the character of Iago. 3. Mr. Boniface is both a leading actor and a tragedian.

BANJO, Brunswick, Mo.—Our impression is, that old Joe Sweeny was the first banjo player of any note in the United States, and the first, probably, to bring the banjo into public notice. Leicester, also, was one of the earliest players.

FRIEND.—*All Fours.*—As M is out, H and B play their hands without regard to M's hand. If, therefore, Jack is the highest trump out, H. wins.

NEW BRUNSWICK GYMNAST.—The proprietor has not yet announced his evenings. When the evenings have been decided upon, the fact will be announced in our columns.

A CONSTANT READER.—According to promise, we give you the date of the fight between Bill Hastings, alias Dublin Tricks, and Awful Gardner, which was January 8, 1852.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We have never had the time to make the calculation. If the question is really important to you, our advice would be to procure a bushel of wheat, and count the grains.

LEX.—You will find more information in our Championship Circular, than we can give you in this department. Daily bathing and rubbing with the sponge is excellent.

J. STONE, N. Y.—*Cribbage.*—Two fours, two fives, and two sixes, would count as follows:—For fifteens, 16; for pairs, 6, for sequences, 24. Total, 46.

ROCK.—*Cribbage.*—Three threes, and two sixes count as follows:—For fifteens, 10; for pair royal of threes, 6; for pair of sixes, 2. Total, 18.

LAFAYETTE.—1. You can put up a staff, by obtaining permission from the owner of the building 2 You will better ascertain the prices of these articles by calling where they are manufactured.

C. L., Dover.—Address the gentleman. They are said to be reliable.

ALL SORTS, Baltimore.—We will be happy to receive your items, reserving to ourselves the right to use what we think proper for publication.

BOOKSELLER.—Send your letter to us, and we will see that it is delivered to the party addressed. He will be in this city but a few weeks longer. Success to you.

G. KENDALL, Champagne City, Ill.—The rules are not published in book form Have sent you a copy of the CLIPPER containing them, however.

J. KIFFEY.—1 Jas. E. Murdoch is a native of Philadelphia. 2 Miss Charlotte Cushman was born in Boston, Massachusetts. She resided in Europe a number of years.

INQUIRER.—Mose in China was written for Mr. F S Chanfrau, and first played at the National Theatre, in this city, in 1850; it has since been played all over the Union by Mr. Chanfrau.

BEN, Pittsburgh.—Miss Julia M. Cooke is the Mrs. W. G Jones now playing at the New Bowery Theatre in this city.

Y. B., Madison, Ind.—You will find your questions answered in previous issues of the CLIPPER. Look over your files.

BENDY, Andover, N. Y.—There is no such work for sale here; a book on wrestling was published in England some years ago.

M. M., Philad'a.—We do not know him; he is not a regular pug. We will call attention to it, and try to ferret him out.

H. M. GRAVES, Boston.—No 37 twenty-four lines, No 38, ten lines; since then 21 lines each issue, including the present.

MAT CONLEY, New Orleans.—We have always been given to understand that his real name was Frank Ambrose.

NEW BEGINNER, Troy.—We hold that D must have a say before A can take it up.

G. W. R., Philad'a.—We are not prepared to make any such arrangement at present.

C. B, Cincinnati.—We know nothing further of the exhibition than what has appeared in our columns.

C. C. M., Charleston, S. C.—Hyer has been in California, but never fought a prize fight there.

AMATEUR.—Have sent your letter to T Alston Brown, who may probably have a record of it.

FRANK R.—We think she was born in Utica, N. Y., and has been on the stage about nine years.

R. B., Philad'a.—We will give them a ventilation in our next.

B. Z., Chicago.—Joe Coburn is still in confinement.

OLD READER, Boston.—Morrissey never lost a fight.

E1 S., Malone.—The pair of Queens is the better hand of the two

J. M. C., Newcastle.—All right. Paper received and article noted.

A. NORTON.—We have not space for the list.

HIVER, Philad'a.—The dealer is entitled to the Jack.

J. R. B., Cogan Station, Pa.—The "spons" have "arriv."

READER.—Address the parties themselves.

JOHNNY AARON.—We have a London letter for you.

HUGHEY CLARK.—We have a letter for you.

INTERNATIONAL SCULLING MATCH.

NEGOTIATIONS PENDING.

The articles sent here by Chambers, and published in the last number of the CLIPPER, have been submitted to Ward and his backers, and certain provisions in those articles which require time for deliberating upon, are now being held under advisement. Chambers' articles stipulate that no steamers, cutters, etc., be permitted to interfere with the contending parties; and either party failing to comply with the articles, to forfeit the whole of the stakes, etc. Mr. Ward's friends think that the clause relating to steamboats and other craft interfering should have attached to it an addition, that the umpires or referee shall be the judges of all violations of the rules, whether as regards river craft impeding the rowers, or any other point in the articles. In our next, Mr. Ward's reply will be given. The following are the rules suggested in Mr. Chambers' articles:—

RULE 8.—A foul shall be deemed to have occurred when, after the race has commenced, any competitor with his oar, boat, or person comes in contact with the oar, boat, or person of another competitor, and nothing else shall be considered a foul.

RULE 9.—Any competitor who comes in contact with another competitor, as defined in Rule 8, by crossing into his opponent's water before having a clear lead, commits a foul; but when a boat has once fairly taken another boat's water by a clear lead, it has a right to keep the course so taken.

RULE 10.—A boat shall be held to have a clear lead of another boat when its stern is clearly in advance of the stem of such boat.s

RULE 11.—A boat's own water is the straight or proper course from the station assigned to it at starting; but if, in a race of one or two boats, and one fairly takes the water of the other by a clear lead, and they afterwards come in contact while the leading boat remains in the water so taken, the boat whose water has been so taken shall be deemed to have committed a foul; but if they come into contact by the leading boat's departing from its proper course, the leading boat shall be deemed to have committed a foul.

ROLL ON THE "BALL."—Our neighbors on Staten Island are never at a loss for sport. On Friday evening, 22d inst., the first annual ball of Neptune Engine Co. No. 6, of Tompkinsville, S. I., will be given at Peteler's Hotel, New Brighton.

GENTLEMEN'S CHRONOLOGICAL AND STATISTICAL ALMANAC AND MANUAL FOR THE YEAR 1861.—This is a neat little work of about eighty pages in pamphlet form, and contains a considerable amount of information valuable and interesting in the neighborhood of its issue Published by F. A. Cassidy, Camden, N. J.

INTERESTING GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.—On the 14th inst., a large audience (both ladies and gentlemen) assembled at Brady's Seventh Regiment Gymnasium, No. 20 St. Marks' Place, for the purpose of witnessing a very novel and useful exhibition. Preparatory to the proper exercises of the occasion, a concert was given by Grafula's Band of twenty five pieces, and when these had discoursed enlivening music for awhile, Mr. J. Wallace Cone, a gentleman well known in the city, and connected, we believe with the *Sunday Times*, delivered an address, in the course of which he dwelt briefly but instructively on the history of gymnastic games, from their earliest date to the present. The exercises then commenced. These consisted principally of vaulting, leaping, feats of muscular power, dexterity with the peg pole, parallel bars, double rings, la perche, double trapeze, posturing, tumbling, and numerous acrobatic feats. In these, many of the pupils of the Gymnasium took part, in addition to gentlemen belonging to other kindred institutions. Among the most successful were Mr. J. Levick, of Wood's Gymnasium, Weed and Grant, on the rack bars; T. Quinn and Poor, on la perche; H. P O'Neill and Corry, on the parallel bars; C. E. Brady and S. M. Smith, on the peg-pole; J. Bird, on dumb bells; and Mons. Muller and pupils, in fencing and broadsward, and that exceedingly difficult feat, raising the entire weight of the body on one finger, was accomplished by Mr. C E. Brady. On the double trapeze, Messrs. Carter and Cornell, of Brooklyn, were very successful, and elicited deserved applause. Mr. A. S. Brady, the proprietor of the establishment, was present, as conductor of the exercises; as also was his brother, Mr. J. H. Brady, who would have taken an active part in the performance, had he not been suffering through a broken wrist. All the arrangements, direct and indirect, were excellent; and when the exhibition broke up, it seemed to be the impression of everybody that such things, as tending to the physical well being of the people, could not be too often brought in a practical shape before them.

NEW WAY TO SAVE THE UNION.—MAIN OF COCKS BETWEEN KENTUCKY AND MICHIGAN.—Detroit, Feb. 13, 1861.—FRANK QUEEN: It is with the deepest emotions of pleasure and gratitude that I hasten to inform the world, through the medium of the CLIPPER, that the great crisis in our national affairs is about to be brought to a definite and amicable adjustment, and which will preclude the necessity of further violent debate, forensic eloquence, and versatility of talent, as lately displayed by Mason and Seward in the Legislative Halls of our country.

The city of Louisville, Kentucky, on the part of the South, and the city of Detroit, Mich., on the part of the North, have mutually agreed to show twenty-one game cocks a side, and cause them to dispute for twenty-five dollars a battle, and five hundred the odd fight, to come off at Detroit, March 17th.

I understand that the German Theatre is engaged for the occasion, which is capable of seating one thousand persons with ease and comfort It has been expressly stipulated in the articles of agreement that in case the North triumphs, Jeff Davis is to throw up the sponge, and compel the seceding States to trot back into the fond embrace of the Union in such good time as would eclipse the noblest effort of little Flora at Kalamazoo, and it has been further agreed that in case the North should triumph, the Northern Game Cock who decides the main shall be carefully escorted to the Palmetto State—an express train to be chartered for the occasion—the freedom of the State to be extended to him, and good *Pickens* for life guaranteed under a forfeiture of public opinion.

The stock of fowls to be used by Detroit for this main are of excellent and tried qualities, originally from imported stock, and once in the possession of H. Woodruff. They were obtained from him by Mr. Richard Allen, of Davenport, Iowa, and introduced in this city by Mr. Henry Cheppell. They are fast fighters, and gallantly respond to the call of time. There will also be some of the famous McGinitys; better fowls never pecked through an egg-shell. They were imported from Ireland by Mr. McGinity, of or near London, Canada West; they are of a blueish cast, and possess the ferocity of a tiger, with the anti seceding qualities of the Kilkenny Cat, and in the possession of such fowls, Detroit deems her laurels safe. Truly yours, SIR ARCHY.

A CHALLENGE TO BUTCHERS.—I will leg, dress, and pull skins off one hundred sheep with any butcher in the City of New York, for the sum of one hundred dollars.

If the above challenge is not accepted, I will slaughter fifty cattle with any man that feels disposed to take up my offer, for the above named amount; or slaughter hogs against any man in the world. The man and money ready at any time within one week, at the office of James Brown, commission dealer, corner of Vesey and West streets, Washington Market, New York. WILLIAM CHURCHILL.

CHESS.—EXCITING FINALE.—The Third Free Tournament at the "Morphy Chess Rooms" was completed on Sat. eve, 16th inst., by one of the most brilliant victories ever achieved, in a match, over so strong and wary an opponent as Mr Marache; Mr. J A. Leonard putting a gem of a game at the close of the Tourney, as a most interesting *finale* to the gathering. The beautiful prize, the inciting object to so much emulation, will be presented to the youthful victor on Wed. eve., 20th inst., at 8 o'clock. All the contestants in the Tourney, in particular, and all other amateurs, are invited to be present. Such a blaze of excitement has not been experienced in Metropolitan Chess Circles since Paul Morphy electrified all by his achievements. We shall give our contributor's late scores in detail, in our regular department next week.

SCORE OF THE CLOSING GAME

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack, Mr. Marache.	Defence, Mr. Leonard.	Attack, Mr. Marache.	Defence, Mr Leonard.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..K B × Kt	Q B × B
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..Q B × Kt	Kt P × B
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	13..Q-K B 3	Castles, Q R
4..Castles	K Kt-B 3	14..Q Kt-R 3	K R-Kt sq
5..P-Q 4	K B × P	15..Q × B 2d P	Q R-Q 7
6..K Kt × B	Q Kt × Kt	16..P-K Kt 3	Q-her B 4 +
7..P-K B 4	P-Q 3	17..K R-B 2	R × Q Kt P
8..B P × P	Q P × P	18..Q Kt-home	K R-Q sq
9..Q B-Kt 5	Q-K 2	19..K-bis Kt 2	Q R × R +
10..P-Q B 3	Q Kt-K 3	20..Q × Q R	Q B-R 6 +.

And Mr. Marache resigned the game, and the first prize, taking second prize.

A RAT BAIT came off at N. F. Cadwell's Sporting Hall, Milwaukee, on Saturday evening the 9th inst. Summary:—

Owners.	*Dogs.*	*Weight, lbs.*	*No Rats.*	*Time, M. & S.*
Whitman's,	Nellie	14	4	0 49
Cadwell's,	Sim	19	5	1 01
Haubert's,	Jerry	27	7	1 09½
Moake s,	Flora	11	4	no time.
McCormack's,	Nip	31	12	2 22
Conner's,	Scotty	19½	5	3 46
Allcott's,	Fanny	21½	6	no time.
Kellogg's,	Tipsy	20½	5	0 31½
Brockway's,	Billy	35	16	no time
Roe's,	Jack	45	10	1 30

BASE BALL IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Excelsior Base Ball Club and the Continental Cricket Club played a match at base ball in that city recently, there being five players on each side. It resulted as follows:—

EXCELSIOR. NAMES.	RUNS.	CONTINENTAL. NAMES.	RUNS.
Kline	6	Moore	5
Bradbury	5	Lynch	7
Odgion	7	A Ryan	7
Sellers	7	M Ryan	6
Stillman	7	Thomas	7
Total	32	Total	32

CHALLENGE TO WOODEN LEGGED MEN.—John Austin, for the sake of sport, will run any wooden legged man, who, like himself has had his leg amputated above the knee, a distance of 100 yards, for $5 a side. His address is 202 First avenue, N. Y.

SPARRING.

EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK.—On the 12th inst., a sparring exhibition for the benefit of Jack Lazarus and M. Cornell was given at 112 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn. On this occasion, the attendance was small, but the sparring was very good indeed. The couples were matched as follows, and all did well:—Jerry Conklin and Mick Henry, Pat Kelly and Hugh Mc Lain; Young Dwyer and Glancy; Ed McGunagle and Mike Trainor; old Bill Tovee and old Jack Adams; and Jack Lazarus and Cornell gave the wind-up. Old Tovee officiated as Master of Ceremonies.

JACK BATH will give an exhibition of the Science of Manual Defence, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 27th, at Kerrigan's Hall, 22 White street. Among those who have promised to appear is Harry Gribbin, who would feel happy to have a friendly shake up with his late opponent, Ed. Wilson. A wrestling match, for $100, is also announced to take place during the exhibition. Jack Bath will wind up with Johnny Monaghan. We hope this exhibition may be the means of making Jack a warm Bath for the balance of the season.

NED PRICE'S EXHIBITION, in Newark, N. J., on the 11th inst., was well attended, but the sparring was of a poor order. There were several boxers present from New York, but the show did not amount to much. Price and Milage Cornell gave the wind-up.

MIKE NORTON requests us to state that illness alone prevented him from setting-to at Mr. Price's exhibition in Newark; that he promised Price to set-to, and that it was his intention to have been there, but for sickness.

NED PRICE will shortly give a series of exhibitions in Connecticut; showing at New Haven, Hartford, and in Massachusetts, at Worcester and Springfield. Look out for the party.

ALL ABOUT A BOXER.—Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 16, '61.—MR. QUEEN—As friends and patrons of the art of self defence, we deem it our duty to caution all members of the profession against a certain pretender, who quit this city last week in so much of a hurry that he forgot to take receipts for sundry small bills which he had incurred with hotel and saloon keepers, barbers, washerwomen, and others. He pretends to a knowledge of the fistic art, and is laboring under the hallucination that he stands a little in advance of any other man of the age. He places a great deal of stress on the fact that he was one of John C Heenan's cortege, during that gentleman's recent tour through the South and West. But since his services were no longer needed in that quarter, he seem ave been travelling on his "shape," as a sort of *confidence man*, or victimizer of those who most befriend him.

He was here while Johnny Sweetman had a sparring exhibition on the tapis, and tendered his services to don the gloves, and share in the wind-up. But on the evening of the second exhibition, when the hour had arrived for the appearance of the most potent hero before the auditory, he was in the far distance—his back towards the city, and going in direction of the north pole with lightning speed. So sudden and abrupt was his departure, that he even forgot to hand over to Mr. Sweetman the amount of money received for the sale of tickets to said exhibition.

We, of Columbus, have no fears of ever being made to suffer again by his appearance in this city; but we consider it no less our duty to caution others at a distance against him, as totally unworthy their confidence or respect. He makes victims of his best friends; in fact, his perfidy knows no friend, and acknowledges no act of kindness.

Some, perhaps, may recognise the man by the above portraiture, without hearing his name; but there may be others who have never seen or heard of *Charly Perkins*, of Rochester, N. Y.

In justice to Mr. Sweetman, we would here add, that he is now in this city for the second time; and by his gentlemanly deportment, and freedom from gasconade, has won a host of friends and established a reputation of which any one might justly be proud.

We have only to say in conclusion, that should Mr. Perkins take umbrage at the foregoing, he can learn the name of the author, and have an opportunity of gratifying his desire of meeting "any novice in America who had never appeared in the ring," by making a deposit with the Editor of the New York CLIPPER. GLOVES.

THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5t*

THE FALSTAFF.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand.

FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone, in the chair. 35-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 43-tf

IVY GREEN, 80 PRINCE STREET.—At this public resort, now under the Proprietorship of JOHNNY MONAGHAN and F McCARTHY, the best of ales, wines, and liquors are always on sale, and patrons are promptly attended to. Newbold's Great Picture of the International Fight may be seen here, and also a variety of other sporting prints, together with THE CLIPPER and other sporting papers. 45-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No. 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

DONNELLY AND HICKEY.—Billy Donnelly has called upon us, and requests us to state that the intimation thrown out by Hickey that he, Donnelly, was instrumental in his own arrest, is without the least shadow of truth. Donnelly says that it looks to him as though the opposite party put up the job, well knowing the feelings of his (Donnelly's) father against prize fighting. To show that he means fighting, and nothing else, Donnelly states that he is willing to increase the stakes, and go anywhere outside of the State to fight, as the binding over only applies to New York State, and does not prevent them from leaving the State. Donnelly says, that if Hickey is as anxious to fight as he would have it appear, he certainly cannot object to this proposition. Hickey, it is said, claims the stakes. This seems to be the sole aim of pugilists now-a-days. If both parties are really anxious for a fight, the stakeholder should give them a chance. This claiming stakes without a fight is about played out.

FRANK SNOW, of Hartford, Conn., hearing that Gaylord Dowd, a weight, within two weeks from making the match. Man and money ready at the Ferry Street Hotel.

BURNS AND SEYMOUR.—We understand that the fight between Jem Burns, of New Orleans, and Seymour, of Galveston, Texas, was won by Burns in 19 rounds. We have no further particulars.

TOM HYER.—We understand that "the boss" has been seriously ill for some days past, having been confined to his bed. He is now slightly improved, however.

KEEPING A HOTEL.—Johnny Monaghan and F. McCarty have become proprietors of the Ivy Green, No. 80 Prince street, where the latest sporting intelligence can be learned, and a good article of "beverage" obtained. Drop in and see the boys.

JACKSON AND MCLAIN.—A match was on the tapis last week between Jackson and McLain, and a fiver a side put up They were to have met at the Ivy Green, to make the match for a purse of $100, but Jackson failed to appear. It is said that Jackson has his eye on Pat Kelly, of Brooklyn.

CON QUIN AND BIFFIN.—Boston, Feb. 15, 1861.—FRIEND QUEEN: I noticed in your paper of the 16th, an article [in reply to the letter of "A Lover of Sport,"] containing a tissue of the most glaring falsehoods, over the signature of Con Quin. Astonished at his audacity, I immediately took both papers to a number of the lovers and professors of the manly art, who were present at Con's benefit, and asked their opinion of them. They said the "Lover of Sport" was correct in the account given of Con's benefit. I afterwards saw Mr. Biffin, and informed him that I wrote the article in your paper of the 9th inst., expressing my regret that it should have called forth such a reply from Con. Young Biffin answered in his usual gentlemanly manner, allowing that he had been somewhat annoyed at the language used by Con, as he had seen him and Johnny McGuire, and asked Con how much he would fight him for. Con's reply was that he could not raise any money to back himself with, but would fight him for a purse, or a glove fight for fun. That sort of fun Biffin can appreciate at a sparring exhibition, but to follow up an article like the one which Con has published, with a proposition like that, is absolutely absurd, and not to be thought of by a gentleman who attends to his business as regularly as Young Biffin does In regard to the article in your issue of the 16th, I can vouch for its truthfulness in every particular. Mr. Biffin gives me a few lines for you, which you will find below.

Yours truly, A LOVER OF SPORT.

CARD.—MR. EDITOR: In reply to Con Quin's allusion to myself, in connection with Mr. Hart, in his challenge to me, I can only express my regret that my name was used in a manner to call forth such a remark as that made by Con. Towards Mr Hart I always entertained the kindliest feelings, and since his decease I would be the last one to make any remark derogatory to him. Any further challenge from Con Quin, will not be answered by me, as my business engagements are more profitable than fighting.

Yours respectfully, JAMES BIFFIN.

PROSPECT OF A MILL.—At the date of the most recent advices from California, strong expectations were entertained of a fight in Nevada County. It seems that one Professor Hill, of Nevada, had made a boast that he could "clean out" any man in the neighborhood; hearing which, Mr. William M. Davis challenged the Professor to fight him for $1,000 or $2 000, within two or three months time of putting up the forfeit money, the forfeit not to be less than $500. It had not transpired whether Hill felt willing to accept these terms.

THE RING IN OREGON.—Fort Umpqua, Oregon, Jan. 8, 1861.—FRANK QUEEN:—We had quite a gallant little mill here a few days ago, between Jim Hanelly alias James Connelly, and Tom Moran, "Camp Floyd Pet." They fought for a purse of $20, and a fifty of milling it was all through. Hanelly was attended by Jim Jackson, and Moran by Pete Roach The rumor of the fight drew a large crowd to the Fort, and on the morning of the 5th, the place where the men fought was crowded. They both entered the ring full confidence, at 12 o'clock, M., shieing their castors gallantly, and soon after they went at it.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both men came into position beautifully, when, without waiting any time, Moran let go his right "auctioneer," which landed upon Jim's nasal organ, drawing the "first blood." They afterwards fought to a close, when Jim again napped it on the eye, and went down to avoid punishment.

2. At the call of "time," Moran was first up; Hanelly following the example, though showing signs of weakness. Moran again opened the ball by administering heavily on the ribs and "dodging" Jim returning on the body; some fine counter hitting then ensued, all unmistakably in favor of Moran; when Hanelly again sought the bosom of mother earth, to avoid a blow of his antagonist.

3 Moran at the scratch first, and quite lively; Hanelly very weak, the initiative in active operations taken by the former, who let out with his right, but was out of distance; Hanelly put in a smasher on the "frontispiece," which for the time completely changed the aspect of affairs. Some counter hitting then ensued, to the advantage of Hanelly; fighting all round the ring, Hanelly being still in the ascendant, and landing his left repeatedly on the head; when Moran closed with him, both trying hard for the throw, which was gained by Moran; Hanelly falling heavily on the sward.

4 Both up in good time, and soon at work; Moran, leading with his right, was cleverly stopped; when, changing his tactics, he made a feint with his left—so drawing on Jim, who received a whopper on the nob, which consigned him to a verdant bed.

5. Both men weak, but Moran in the better condition of the two. Business commenced by Hanelly sending out his right on a voyage of discovery; getting one on the right eye for his pains, the which closed up the visual medium indicated. A clinch; Moran throws his man, and falling heavily upon him.

6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11. These rounds were of precisely similar character, and in favor of Moran. On the 12th round being called, it was evident that Hanelly could not win the battle, and his second therefore threw up the sponge. It is due to him, however, to say that he had made tremendous exertions to come off victorious; but all was useless against the superior science and skill of his opponent.

C. E. W.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

From The Sporting Telegraph, February 2, 1861.

April 2.—John Haley and Mickey Gannon—£25 a side, catch weight—home district.

15.—R James, of Aberdare, and E. Llewellyn—£50 a side, Aberdare.

23.—J. Rooke and G. Crocket—£50 a side, 10st—home circuit.

24.—T. Bedford and J. Room's Novice—£5 a side, catch weight—within fifty miles of Birmingham.

30.—Bob Travers and Booger Crutchley; £50 a side, a stone. Home circuit.

June —.—Sam Hurst and Jem Mace; £200 a side, and the Championship.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP—SAM HURST AND JEM MACE.

The eventful night, Thursday, Feb. 7, is now drawing near, when the second deposit of £20 a side, for the forthcoming Mill for the Championship and £400 between Jem Mace and Sam Hurst, is to be made good at the Old King John, Holywell-lane, Shoreditch, between the hours of eight and ten p. m. Either party failing, to forfeit the money already staked, together with the Belt.

It will be seen in another portion of our columns that Tom Paine (Jem Ward's young Big'un), who aspired to the Championship, has entered into articles to meet Harry Poulson, of Nottingham, in three months from signing the articles.

Harry Poulson, in his fight with Tom Sayers, proved himself to have all the requirements of a British Boxer, and notwithstanding his decline towards the sere and yellow leaf, his friends must have confidence in his prowess, by allowing him to put himself forward for the Championship. Therefore, we may look upon this affair as another trial which may lead to the unravelling of the mystery as to who will be Champion of England.

FRESH MATCH.—HARRY POULSON AND TOM KING.—A match has been made between Harry Poulson, of Nottingham, and Tom King, who lately defeated Tommy Truckle, of Portsmouth,) to fight in six months from signing articles £5 a side is now down in the hands of the final stakeholder, and articles have been forwarded to Poulson.

FIGHT FOR £20, IN THE MANCHESTER DISTRICT, BETWEEN E LONG AND R JONES.—On Tuesday, Jan 29, R Jones and E Long, both of Manchester, met at the Isle of Sky, to fight for £10 a side. Long had the best of the affair from the commencement, getting all the leading events, the first crimson, the first knock down, and the battle, which lasted fifty minutes, when the sponge was thrown up for Jones' defeat, who was badly punished. If Jones is not satisfied with his defeat, Long will make a match with him again for £25 a side, on the same terms as previously.

FATAL PRIZE FIGHT IN ESSEX.—On Monday morning, Jan 7, Mr. John Humphreys, the coroner, received information respecting the death of a young man named Alfred Fabenham, aged nineteen years, who recently resided at No 7 George place, Holloway, and died from the mortal effects of injuries sustained in a prize encounter with another young man, residing in the same neighborhood. It appears that the deceased and his antagonist, whose name is Wallis, had some angry words on Saturday evening last, and ultimately it was arranged for them to fight for a sum of £5 a side. On Sunday morning, at an early hour, the parties left the vicinity of Holloway in light carts, when they proceeded to a secluded spot in Hornsey, where they were interrupted by several constables in the N division. The combatants then repaired to Wanstead Flats, and subsequently they reached a spot on the Forest at Walthamstow, where the fight commenced, and after a number of rounds, which lasted a considerable time (the parties being aided by seconds), the deceased (Fabenham) was unable to resume the contest, and appear to the call of time, when the signal of victory was declared in favor of the man Wallis The unfortunate youth was conveyed in one of the vehicles to a house of a friend, at No. 12 Cock and Bottle-lane, near Kingsland gate, where he expired in a few hours after his arrival. Mr. Bewley, of the Kingsland road, and Mr. Hutton, surgeon, of the same district, were promptly called, and rendered every possible assistance, but their united efforts were unavailing. The other man is in a very precarious condition. Information of the death was speedily communicated to the Kingsland Police-station, when Inspector Langdon, and other intelligent officers, were in pursuit of the parties in this affray, which created much sensation in the district.

LONDON SPORTING NEWS.

Grand Sparring Exhibition given by the London Pugilists,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE COVENTRY WEAVERS.

Reported Expressly for the New York Clipper.

LONDON, January 29, 1861

DEAR CLIPPER—On entering upon my *post* as your *London Prize Ring Correspondent*, I may as well lay down for *your* and *your readers'* guidance a rule whereby it is my intention to be guided. As far as possible, I shall always endeavor to ascertain for you the earliest and most reliable information respecting the sports of England, and more especially the ring," any little *on dits* that may come to my knowledge I shall at the time "make a note of." It will be my intention, as far as I can, to "please all men in the truth," and I do not intend "to wound the truth to please;" and, as a public writer, shall "nothing extenuate or aught set down in malice." These rules, dear CLIPPER, I have marked down to be my guiding star, and, therefore, by adhering to them, you and your readers were it possible to go into full details, I should find sufficient to wield my pen to such a length that would, in all probability, tire you and your readers' patience to wade through.

Since boxing is a manly game,
And brave men's recreation;
By *boxing all may* raise their fame,
Whatever *state* or nation.

On Tuesday morning "last," the 22d, was witnessed, in the London district, three of the gamest mills that it has been my lot to witness for a long, long time, the object being a most charitable and deserving one, solely gotten up by that unjustly maligned class, the pugilists. Some few weeks ago several of the leading members of the Ring put forth a proposition to their brother pugs, soliciting their aid in getting up a monster benefit for the aid of the thousands of starving Coventry weavers. This was instantly responded to by all the principal men in London and the provinces, and Monday night last was appointed for the same to come off. Programmes had been issued of those who would *set-to*, and 5s., 2s 6d., and 1s. announced as the prices of admission to witness the same. Long before the hour appointed for the commencement of the entertainment, the entrances to the great hall were densely packed by hundreds anxious to witness the exhibition, and for a long period it was more than ever Mr. F. Dowling, the editor of *Bell's Life in London*, could do to take money as fast as it was tendered to him; and therefore he had to call in the assistance of Mr. James Parish, of the Leander Stores, to assist him; and when they ordered the doors to be closed, it was found that nearly £198 had been taken at the doors, which was irrespective of the amount to be handed in for the quantity of tickets sold beforehand, and which in all probability will nearly swell the total amount realised to £300! Assuredly the knowledge of the members of the Prize Ring coming forward on this occasion and aiding their fellow countrymen "who are in a starving condition," will at once put a stop to the false sentimentality displayed by some of *the would-be croakers*, and the unjust opinions which they ever belong solely to the P. R. Shortly before nine o'clock I entered the hall, and every available spot was taken possession of. The 5s. places were thronged by Peers of the Realm, M. P.'s, and wealthy commoners, who showed by their presence that still the manly art, when honestly carried out, need not want for supporters. The 2s. 6d. places were, if possible, more crowded than those double the price, whilst the body of the hall, dedicated to the plebeian who paid his *bob*, was crammed to suffocation. At nine o'clock, the venerable and *ever green* Phil. Benjamin, "the M. C." came forward to announce that the first pair of sparrers which he should have to introduce to our notice would be Jem Dillon and Plantagenet Green, the Black. During the time these two worthies were preparing their *toilets*, I took a cursory glance around, and recognised the following well-known members of the Prize Ring present, viz:—Sam Hurst, Champion of England; Jem Ward, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, and Tom Paddock, "ex-champions;" Nat Langham, "only the conqueror of Tom Sayers;" old Tom Oliver, and Jemmy Shaw; Harry Orme, Jim Mace, Jim Cross, Alex Keene, Bob Brettle, Jerry Noon, Harry Brunton, Jack Macdonald, Jemmy Welsh, Mike Madden, George Brown, Billy Duncan, Boe Tyler, Dan Collins, Bob Travers, Job Cobley, George Crockett, Tom King, Young Reed, Joe Rowe, Jack Hicks, Billy Shaw, Ben Bendoff, Dooney Harris, Jim Dillon, Jemmy Madden, George Henly, Jem Hill, Leed, Harrington, Mickey Gannon, &c., &c., &c.

The Black and Dillon had a friendly bout of three rounds, in which the darkey, as usual, played off his pantomimic tricks, at times apparently nonplussing his opponent, and landing his left *mittn* full on Jem's mug. George Crockett, who is matched for £50 a side with Rook of Birmingham, and Dan Collins, an old opponent of Tom Sayers, next appeared. Collins, who is much heavier and taller than Crocket, found it as much as he could do to keep George's mawleys out of his face. Bob Travers, matched with Booger Crutchley for £100, and Job Cobley, the Elastic Potboy, had three or four good bouts, and were loudly applauded. When they left the stage, the M. C. announced, amidst deafening applause, that the two ex-champions of England, Jem Ward and Ben Caunt, would next appear; and quickly their stout, burly figures were seen approaching, when there was sent forth such a cheer as nearly made the roof of the hall to open again. At once these two "old un's" "put their hands up," to show in what style battles had been lost and won in years gone past. Jem Ward was decidedly the most artistic of the two, but then the preponderance in the size of Caunt gave him such an advantage. After three bouts, during which some light exchanges took place, the two veterans returned to the robing room, "blowing freely," and as they passed along, they were greeted with a perfect storm of applause. These two were followed by Harry Brunton, the favorite second of Tom Sayers, and Bos Tyler. Both these are Bonifaces and Benedicks, and their portly corporations begin to show that whatever they were capable of doing in the P. R. at one time, it is now nearly all gone, as each is too robust to show off as they were *wont to do*." Now came Bob Brettle, of Birmingham, "with his Belt, Cups, and Goblet," and Mike Madden of the Little Bell, Smithfield, London. This was an excellent encounter, give and take being the order of the day; Mike's mug coming into frequent collisions with Bob's left, whilst the master of the "Bell," who bye the bye fought Bill Hayes once a most severe and hard battle for upwards of *six hours*, did not omit to pay frequent visits to the Brummagem hero; and when they retired were each loudly applauded. After these came two of the most scientific men of the day, namely, the accomplished Alec Keene, and the never defeated, eccentric Jerry Noon. These fistic heroes very much resemble each other, and when they stood up, they looked perfect models, and their sparring was a treat to witness, as each one sent out his left as straight as an arrow, whilst the right was used most artistically in stopping. When they retired, after three bouts, an ovation almost deafening awaited them. Two of the light weight division next appeared, in Young Reed, "Professor of the manly art," and Young Bill Shaw, son of old Jemmy, and champion of the light weights. This exhibition was most clever, and the deliveries planted from each were as quick as *greased lightning*; Bill Shaw, by his masterly style, raised up numbers of friends, who had hitherto stood aloof from him on account of his youth and inexperience; but seeing him perform so satisfactorily, with such an accomplished artist as Young Reed, proved that although young in years *he has not much to learn*. The next pair was Tom Paddock and Tom King—"cyclep'sed the Young Big 'Un." King, as soon as they had crossed hands, commenced at once boring into Paddock, ding dong, like a bull running at a hay stack; at the end of the fourth bout, he knocked Paddock off his legs, and picking him up they both left amidst loud cheers, and "well done Paddock." The champion, Sam Hurst; amidst loud applause, came on the stage, walking with a stick to support him. Although lame, he was looking exceedingly well, and the contrast between his size and that of Jem Mace, was most striking. He showed the "Belt," and stated it to be his intention to do his best to keep it. Jemmy Shaw made an effort to fasten it upon him, but if it had been twice as large it would scarcely have buckled. After this, Hurst made his bow, and retired. Then came Harry Broome, the ex-champion, and Harry Orme. These two big guns had previously met in the magic circle, when Broome, after a sharp tussle, was declared the victor. They commenced by playing light, but getting warm by degrees, the fencing became fast and good; Broome almost throughout showing his superiority over Orme, although the latter sent his man, by a right hander on the jaw, on his nether end, which made the ex-champion look unutterable things, and act more cautiously during the rest of the bout, which they finished amidst loud cheers. Geo. Brown and Jemmy Welsh were the next two, and well did they sustain the prestige which each had obtained, for their's was a scientific affair. Hitting, stopping, fibbing, rallying, and getting away, being shown to advantage throughout. And when the third bout was ended, the spectators called out for an *encore*, which they were about to be treated with, when Jemmy Shaw stepped forward and took the mittens off, stating that as they were both Publicans and *friends*, it was better for them to leave off. Jack Hicks and Dooney Harris next appeared. As neither of these men are much known to fame, great things were not expected from them, and so when they commenced, the audience were completely taken by surprise, as they had about four rounds of the most determined nature, in fact, this was a downright glove fight, and the shouts of "Bravo, Jack Hicks!" and "well done, Dooney!" were heard to resound throughout the hall; and when they separated, the cheers which greeted them were loud and long. Hicks decidedly had the best of it throughout. The wind-up was now announced to take place between Nat Langham, the conqueror of Sayers, and Jem Mace, the conqueror of Bob Brettle, and the present aspirant of the championship. Mace's belt, cups, goblets, &c., were shown previous to the spar, and were deservedly admired. The Belt, in particular, is a most beautiful specimen of art, and its rich, solid, and costly appearance presents a handsome contrast to anything of the kind I have ever seen. These two clever artists had three bouts, and Old Nat, "acknowledged to be *the A 1* of the present day," made sundry attempts to land his favorite and dangerous left on Jim's beak, but was always unsuccessful, as Mace cleverly stopped him, and then as quick as lightning popped his own left mawley on Nat's frontispiece, and partially got his dander up. Nat then tried his right, but "no go," as Jem was there also, and the bout was then finished, amidst the cheers of the assembly, by Jim and his more aged opponent closing, when Nat was gently forced on to the ropes, and the evening's amusement was brought to a conclusion by Mace having his belt girded on him, and leaving the stage.

All the promises from the members of the ring were faithfully kept, with two exceptions, Tom Sayers and Charley Lynch. What cause they can assign for their non-attendance, I know not; but I trust that each will be able to prove satisfactorily their inability to appear. It was well known that Sayers was in the provinces, but having promised to attend, *did not*, and for the *twentieth time* again has deceived his friends, and those who have been the means of putting him in the position which he at present holds. Either his prosperity has bewildered him so that he forgets all others in adversity, or otherwise the *stimulants* which he takes have had such an effect upon him that he is unconscious of what he does. One thing is certain, that whatever the object in view, or whenever he promises to give his aid to a brother pug, he always omits attending, and thus throws dirt into the faces of those who have raised up for him a living which he cannot dispense with recklessly. To prove that one of my two assertions is correct, I may state that a report is current that Farmer Bennett, his principal backer, and Harry Brunton met him the other day, and he did not know them until told who they were. If such a story is correct, I do not wonder at his absence. It is stated that he intends to visit the United States in the summer. If he does, he will greatly surprise Yours,

MARKSMAN.

STILL LATER.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB 2, 1861.

DEAR CLIPPER—Having become acquainted with a few additional *mems* since I dispatched my budget to you on Tuesday last, I have deemed them worth forwarding you, as I know that with a news paper, early information is the "one thing needed." In my remarks respecting the amount of money taken on Monday night last, at the benefit for the Coventry weavers, I stated that I had anticipations that it would amount to nearly £300, and in that sum I have every reason to believe I was not far from the mark. I yesterday had the official list placed in my hand, from which I find that £198 0s 3d was received that night at the doors, £28 10s by different members of the Association for tickets sold, two guineas as the profit on six of the prints of the fight between Sayers and Heenan sold during the night. I had to cast censure upon the conduct of Tom Sayers and Charley Lynch, "the American," for not keeping faith with the public on Monday night. Mr Sayers has not, up to the present, deemed it worthy of letting the public or his friends know the reason why he so shamefully deceived them; or yet, what were his reasons for not rendering assistance to those who, when in prosperity, had with no niggard hand assisted him. Charley Lynch, I am pleased to say, has shown quite a different spirit, for he well knows, that to the public he must look for support, and to offend them would not answer. On Friday, I received a letter from the *little fellow*, a copy of which I send you, so that you and Charley's countrymen may see the reason why he was not present to lend a helping hand in the cause of such deep distress:—

SIR—I regret to inform you that, owing to a domestic affliction, I was unable to attend at the benefit for the Coventry weavers, as I intended. I trust that you will allow me, through your widely spread journal, to apologise to those gentlemen whom I had promised to attend, and to assure them that to assist in the cause of charity, and to keep faith with the public on every occasion that lies in my power, is the earnest desire of your obedient servant,

Horse Shoe Inn, Mile End road, Jan. 30, CHARLEY LYNCH.

This letter is as it should be, and will at once give satisfaction. I have also great pleasure in recording an act of the Champion, Hurst, ere he left London. Tom Paddock, his late opponent, it has been long known, is not over flush with the "Californian," and Hurst, to assist him, kindly presented him with a tenner, to keep that fell destroyer, want, from the door. The Birmingham fancy, I am pleased to say, have also got up a benefit for the poor weavers of their neighboring town (Coventry), and more than £50 was collected; so that it may be inferred that many an hungry soul will be fed, and many an aching heart have cause to thank the pugilists of England for coming forward to assist them.

Ould Nat Langham, who lost his spirit licence last year, has announced a benefit at the Baths for Monday, the 18th, and I have no doubt but that it will be a bumper, as Nat solicits the aid of the public and his brother pugs to come forward and aid him on this occasion, so that he may be able to make application for the renewal of his licence when the time comes.

On Thursday next, the second deposit for the Championship takes place at Mace's house, when I have no doubt but that something definite with respect to which is favorite will be made known.

Harry Poulson has covered Tom King's fiver, and they are matched for £100 a side, to fight in three months from signing articles. As I stated in my last what my opinion on the result of this match would be, I have no cause to alter it, as I still adhere to the opinion that if Harry Poulson only displays one tittle of the abilities he did when he fought Tom Sayers, King (better known as "Jem Ward's Big 'Un") will not stand the shadow of a chance with him. King is about to place himself under the mentorship of Nat Langham, and therefore there will not be any danger of his lacking advice, tuition, or exertion in bringing him out; whilst, on the other hand, Poulson has proved himself as one possessing all the requirements of a British boxer, viz.: science, indomitable pluck, hard hitting, and perfect gluttony.

I am afraid that Goss and Cobley will not meet; the latter, I am inclined to believe, is fearful of his young opponent, and up to the present has declined to meet and make the match.

Trotting has within the last few months become with many in England quite a new sport, and fresh matches are made nearly every day. Some against the old *scythe bearer*, and others against four-legged opponents. This week three or four spirited affairs come off. On Tuesday, a jolly "Knight of the Cleaver" undertook, for a wager of £25 to trot his pony from Manchester to Chester and back (a distance of 80 miles) in 12 hours, and to take a friend with him. This feat he accomplished in *three quarters of an hour* under the time, and so won the pony. On Thursday, the metropolitan lovers of trotting met in great force at Lee Bridge, a few miles from London, to witness the performance of "Minnie," a pony only thirteen hands high, in trotting 7 miles under the half hour, in harness. This she accomplished without a break, in 28 minutes 26 seconds, and that, too, without appearing the least distressed.

Yours, MARKSMAN.

KENNOVAN THE PEDESTRIAN.—According to the latest accounts from California, arrangements had been for some time pending there, in view of a complimentary testimonial, to defray the expenses of the above pedestrian and his trainer, to the Eastern States and eventually to Europe. It was proposed that Kennovan [who is getting somewhat advanced in years, and who will probably be obliged to retire from the plank in a few years] should leave California in February, and that in the meantime [about the end of January] the intended benefit should come off. One gentleman had already presented the pedestrian with $50, and a whole host of professional talent had been volunteered. The sporting circles in California seemed anxious that the "wherewithal" for Kennovan's travels should be forthcoming, and equally confident that, like Heenan, the veteran from their State would pluck the laurels from the brow of the English pedestrian champion, if allowed a fair field.

PUMPING CHALLENGE.—William Shearer, of Atlanta, Ga., has a pump which he invented, and patented in August, 1860, which he will match against any other pump as to simple construction, and to discharge a given quantity of water in a given time, and also play a certain distance. He will play anywhere, each party to pay their own expenses, and whichever beats, to be entitled to a State's right. His pump is four inches stroke, and four inch diameter. Each party to work his own pump with one man's power.

SEE TO IT.—Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once to Dr. Gouraud's, and purchase a cake of his celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, which is a great remedy for chaps, chafes, &c. Every day we hear about chapped hands, chafed limbs, &c. Now, no one need suffer if the remedy we recommend be tried. His Hair Dye changes red, light, or grey hair to a beautiful brown or jet black. If you wish any of the Doctor's cosmetics, which are very choice and rare, call at No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; also at Callendar & Co's, Third and Walnut streets, Philadelphia; and at J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 359.

A tragedy, written by Madame George Sand, had been very successful in Paris; but the authoress continued to be quite ill.

George Jordan and Mark Smith have taken their respective benefits at the Varieties, New Orleans, and John Owens, it is said, has made a great hit in the character of Bob Acres, in Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals." We have not heard how the company make out "playing sojers."

J. G. H. Shorey's card, in our last, is replied to by Messrs. Dupree & Green, and the entire company, in this issue of the CLIPPER. See their cards.

John Brougham was announced to resume his engagement at the London Haymarket, on the 4th inst., as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in the comedy of "The Rivals."

Sam Lover has written a piece expressly for John Drew, the Irish comedian. It is called "MacCarthy More; or, Possession Nine Points of the Law," and was announced for production at the London Lyceum, on the 4th inst.

Miss Charlotte Cushman attracted large audiences at the Washington, D. C., Theatre, last week. She is supported by Mr. J. B. Studley, of Baltimore. During the week, she appeared as Queen Catharine, Meg Merriles, Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Haller, and Hamlet. Her benefit took place on the 16th, after which Mr. Withers, (leader of the orchestra) with his band, paid Miss C. the compliment of a serenade at the National Hotel, where they performed a variety of their choicest music. Mr. Glenn, lessee of the theatre, responded in behalf of Miss Cushman. Her engagement closes on the 19th, and Miss Joey Gougenheim succeeds her on the 20th.

Fenno Burton, and Fanny Forrest, assisted by Max Irwin, Dick Parker, M'lle. F. La Folle, and others, are performing at Odd Fellows' Hall, Washington, D. C. They will probably remain there through "inauguration week."

It seems that our radiant friend, Miss Laura Keene, is taking a leaf out of her friend Bourcicault's book, by claiming a proprietorship over that which, after all, is common property. A little time ago, it will be recollected, Manager Wheatley, of the Arch, Philadelphia, had a legal squabble with the "fair one with the golden locks," the issue of which we gave in the proper number of the CLIPPER. More recently she has tackled Manager Kimball, in Boston. He, we hear, has been served with a process for an alleged violation of the lady's copyright; at the same time, Manager McDonough, of Philadelphia, receives an ominous notice to the effect that he too is invading the Keene domain, in performing the "Seven Sisters," without permission of the lady Laura. Now, be it understood, that the "Seven Sisters" is nothing more nor less than a German drama, originally entitled "Satan and his Daughters," which has been adapted by some convenient writer in Miss Keene's pay, for a New York locality. Mr. McDonough has merely taken this same German play and given it to a gentleman in his employment, who has "fixed" it to a Philadelphian requirement. If, under these circumstances, Miss Keene can substantiate her plea, remains to be seen. For ourselves, we should say she cannot; and it will take a remarkably smart Philadelphia lawyer to bring us to the "other side."

The Laclede Theatre, St. Louis, has closed for repairs. The usual company remains, and was announced to commence operations this week.

Blondin, the hero of Niagara and many other perilous "passes," with Sam Cowell, the famous comic singer, appeared at the Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 11th inst, and this evening, Monday, transfer themselves to the Howard, where they will give seven performances, including two on the 23d. The combination of these two lights in the amusement firmament is spoken of as affording considerable satisfaction; the hilarity invoked by Cowell running high, and receiving aid from the efforts of Blondin, who, never "dropping" himself, gives no occasion for like action in the feelings of his audience.

As usual, the Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge's Minstrels commence a new week at their opera house, Boston, with a programme chock full of attractive novelties, of which the oddities of Eph Horn, the burlesque tragedy of Bowers, the clog dancing of Sands, the balladising—if we may coin a word not to be found in Webster, we believe—of Thayer, and the specialities of the "Seventeen Stars," are the items; concluding, by the desire of that mighty potentate, the public, whose word is law everywhere, with the immortal "Dixie's Land." We hear that "a rush" is the nightly report at this popular place of amusement, and that the "union" between the M. B. P. and T. seems to be permanent, whatever the signs of "secession" elsewhere may result in.

A grand sacred concert was given at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 17th inst., at which Mlle. Carlotta Patti, Signor Stigelli—their last appearance at Boston for the season—Mr. M. W. Whitney, and a select chorus of some hundred voices assisted.

Mr. J. B. Roberts closed a two week's engagement at the St. Louis Theatre on the 9th inst. We hear that business with him was not very good while there. He is now at Memphis.

Mr. Cowell, the manager of the St. Louis Theatre, was still confined to his room through sickness, although he gave hopes of soon recovering his lost health.

Of Philadelphia news, the following budget is from our correspondent "Young Rapid," of date Feb. 17.—Mrs. Elizabeth Bowers closed a most successful two week's engagement at the Arch on Saturday last. During the week she appeared in her great impersonation of *Louise de Lignerolles*. The heroine of this very exciting French drama is a very difficult one to depict, but Mrs. Bowers' genius was ample to take it, and at once threw around it a charm sufficient to master it, and carry the sympathies of her audience with her. The piece was well put on the stage, and attracted a very fair, but not crowded house. On Friday, for her benefit, she enacted her great *role* of Camille to an overflowing house, notwithstanding it was a very rainy night. On Monday, 18th, Messrs. Wheatley and Clarke will return to the stock system, and produce Brougham's comedy of "Playing with Fire," having purchased the exclusive right. It will be brought out in a manner worthy of the Arch and of the comedy itself.....In answer to Charley White's advertisement, I beg leave to state that Dan Gardner, the clown, was born October 25th, 1816.....At the Walnut, Mr. James Murdoch has been playing to very fair audiences. This gentleman is one of the best light comedians attached to the American stage. A re-engagement for another week has been effected by the management, and he appears on Monday in the "Elder Brother," and Tuesday as George Gossamer. The next attraction at this house will probably be Mr. Charles Dillon and "Belphegor."..... Quite an exciting scene took place at the Continental Circus last night, owing to the announcement that a foot race would take place among the members of the Fire Department for a Silver Goblet. The distance to be run was 21 times around the ring, being a good half mile. Several members of the Department entered for the contest, and the first competitor was Mr. Price, of the Hope Engine, who accomplished the feat in 2 min. 51¼ sec. The second was Dougherty, of the Moyamensing Hose, who succeeded in making the time in 2 min. 51 sec. The successful one, however, was an individual enjoying the *sobriquet* of "Young Sport," and said to be a professional runner. Much disapprobation was manifested by the audience at the announcement of this fact, but he was at last permitted to run, and made the distance in 2 min. 33¾ secs., very good time for a half mile. A silver goblet was also given for the best conundrum, but the ones offered were so bad, that the concocters must, by this time be defunct, for a worse collection of trash I never heard. The goblet was, however, given for the following:—"Why is Mr. Whittaker like a prize fighter? Because he gets his living by the Ring." This grand and special evening's entertainment was a complimentary benefit tendered by the Equestrian Profession to Mr. Frank Whittaker, undoubtedly the best Ring Master in the United States. I am pleased to record it as a perfect success, for the house was crowded. Mr. Whittaker appeared as clown, and was exceedingly funny under the Fool's Cap. The equestrians, rope dancer, horse tamer, *a la* Rarey, all appeared to do their very best. In all my experience, extended to every possible species of entertainment, I have seldom witnessed a more interesting performance. On Monday this building will again be opened for a benefit to Mr. James Pilgrim, author and actor. The William Wheatley Amateur Association have volunteered, and will appear in the tragic play of "Lucrezia Borgia;" other entertainments will be given, making a very attractive bill. Mr. Pilgrim is very deserving, and I hope will have a good house. .....The L. R. Shewell Dramatic Association, having a few members who were no doubt "spoiling" for a chance to display their talents, gave a rich dramatic treat to their patrons on Wednesday last, at the Continental Circus, having hired the building for that night. I attended, and as a matter of course had anticipated only an amateur performance, but the rendition of the various characters in "Don Cæsar de Bazan," which I was compelled to witness, with but three exceptions, did not begin to approach even the usual standard of that style of dramatic art. The gentleman who assumed the character of Don Cæsar was by far the best of the number, but even in him there is very great room for improvement. The Maritana of the evening was a very creditable performance; this lady will make her mark in the profession. The same remarks will apply to the young lady who played Lazarillo, who by the way is very prepossessing in appearance. The gentleman who enacted Don Jose doubled it with that of the king, and it was very ludicrous to see him walk in as the king, without the least change of dress from that of the Marquis. Not being satisfied with this, he dressed the character of the Marquis like a young Romeo. I advise this gentleman, and several others of the company who intend to strive for histrionic fame in this quarter, hereafter to employ themselves an hour or two before the rise of the curtain in trying to get up a spark of animation.....Sanford continues to bring out fresh novelties every week, thereby guaranteeing himself a succession of crowded houses for the next six nights to come. So far business has been very good with this enterprising manager, notwithstanding he has lost his right hand man, Cool White. This gentleman is without doubt the most useful man connected with the profession; and wherever he goes he at once ingratiates himself into every one's good graces. Speaking of Sanford's puts me in mind of the loss of one of its members by the fell destryer—death. Old Joe Kavanagh joined Mr. Sanford on the 16th of January, 1850, and remained in his employ until the day of his death, which occurred on the 11th inst., in the 56th year of his age. He was confined to his bed since January 2d, and during all that time Manager Sanford has been constantly by his side, attending to all his wants, and paying him his salary the entire time. His funeral took place from his residence in Market street, above 10th, and was attended by a large circle of friends, including all the members of the profession. The body was interred in a lot owned by Mr. Sanford, in Mount Moriah Cemetery. Mr. Kavanagh was a printer by trade, and handled the Stick and Rule in Bennett's office (The Herald) when he first went into the business. He was also considered a very fine singer in his day, and during the visit of the Woods to this country, sang in all their Operas. He also sang with the Seguin Troups, and has played Dandini, Count Pompolino, and other characters when Mr. Seguin has been seriously indisposed. In this city, as well as in New York, he had a large circle of friends. The curtain has fallen on the last act of life's terrible drama; the lights are extinguished; the insatiate archer has sent his arrow to the mark! In the language of Madame d'Aubray, I can only say, "grieve not at the inevitable moment, but may thy own end be equally propitious. O mayst thou, when full of days, sink down as gently to rest, be loved as kindly and watched as tenderly! May st thou, when thy glass is run, be sweetly, but not bitterly mourned by some remaining darling of the affection!"

Frank Howard, an old, and well known Ethiopian delineator, opened a Concert Hall in Kansas City, on the 11th inst.

"Tippoo Saib," the staple entertainment at the Academy of Music, Boston, during the past week, gives way this evening (Monday) for the equestrian drama of the "Merchant's Steed; or the Test of Friendship," which, as the latter part of the caption implies, is taken from the more legitimate drama, known as "Damon and Pythias." According to the bills, several extraordinary effects are to be produced, culminating in a "car of glory," and the crowning of the two friends with "never fading laurels".

The Melodeon, St. Louis, under the management of Messrs. Wilsey and Osborne, continues open. Among the company, we notice the following names:—Silas D. Baldwin, balancer and Chinese juggler; Byron Christy, negro comedian; Joe Childs, clog dancer; J. T. Boyce, an old favorite in St. Louis; J. B. Murphy, L. Prendergast, Charlie Petrie, Clara Butler, Sallie Thayer, La Belle Louise, &c. Attached to this establishment, in the capacity of business man, we recognise Mr George Deagle, a well known New Yorker. Among the probable new engagements at the Melodeon are those of the Misses Ernestine and Julia de Faibre, and Miss Kate Pennoyer, of New York.

At the Museum, Boston, an adaptation from Charles Dickens' last Christmas story, "A Message from the Sea," was the novelty during the past week, and, from all accounts, met a favorable reception. Mr. Charles Dillon, from London, inaugurates the current week, in his favorite character of Belphegor in the drama of the same name.

Subscriptions were in course of collection in England, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of a testimonial, to be presented to Mr. James Crockett, lion-tamer, who, it may be remembered, was connected with the capture of the lions which recently escaped at Astley's, London, and caused the death of one of the attendants.

Miss Julia Daly was announced to commence her second provincial tour in England, on the 4th inst., at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, where she would remain for twelve nights. She would then proceed to Plymouth, opening on the 18th, and also playing twelve nights there. Her next place was to be Dublin, where she would appear on the 4th of March, and continue for fifteen nights.

Gardiner Coyne commenced his tour for the year 1861, on the 7th ult., at the Theatre Royal, Dundee, Scotland; and was announced to show at the Colosseum Theatre, Liverpool, on the 4th of February, for a limited term.

A new dramatic company, consisting principally of Messrs. John Howard, J. H. Leffler, Bland, Cooper (scenic artist), C. Waldon, Melton, and Brazier, Mrs. Bland, and Mrs. Tellett, sailed from London, on the 30th of January, for Cape Town, C. G. H.

Miss Emma Stanley, whose entertainment (the "Seven Ages of Woman") had been suspended for a short time, on account of her mother's death, was announced to resume it at the Egyptian Hall, London, on the 4th inst.

The Buckleys, with Miss Julia Gould, were giving a few farewell performances, at St. James' Hall, London. It was supposed their season would terminate on the 9th inst., with a benefit for the general manager, R. Bishop Buckley.

By reference to our Philadelphia correspondent it will be seen that Mr. J. H. Kavanagh, well known in former years in connection with opera companies, and subsequently as a minstrel, being attached to Sanford's company in Philadelphia for the past ten years, died in that city last week, and a benefit to defray funeral and other expenses, was given by Mr. Sanford on the 15th. The funeral was arranged by Mr. S., who, at the proper moment delivered the remains into the hands of the Masonic Lodge, who interred them with the Masonic rites. His mother, two daughters and son were the only relatives present. He was the author of many ballads sung by the various troupes. Would it be out of place in us to suggest that the profession might erect a tablet to the memory of a deceased brother, one who had been in the business seventeen years, and who was well known in the many bands now located, and travelling throughout the United States, and Southern republics.

After exhibiting in San Francisco several weeks, the Siamese Twins had started for Nevada, and other cities throughout the State.

It was thought that Sam Lathrop and Dr. Bassett would return to New York from San Francisco per next steamer.

At St. Joseph, Mo., at former accounts, the only place of amusement open was a concert saloon; and that, we have just learned, has since exploded.

At Leavenworth, a Melodeon had been started by Goram and Con. Mason. The place was formerly a ten pin alley, 18 feet wide by 60 feet long. It is not favorably spoken of.

A new theatre is talked of in Leavenworth; to be built of sand stone, with five stores beneath. The project is said to be in good hands, and the spring will show whether the establishment will spring up or not.

Alf. Robb, clarionet player, formerly of Bryants, and Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels, and more recently attached to Frank Rivers' Melodeon, Philadelphia, is down with the consumption in Philadelphia. A benefit for his relief was given at the latter place on the 14th inst.

Gen. Tom Thumb and suite enter upon the following route this week:—Easton, Pa., Feb. 18th, 19th, and 20th; Belvidere, N. J., 21st; Strasburg, Pa., 22d; Scranton, 23d, 24th, and 25th, and dedicate Switzer's new hall (the Washington;) Carbondale, 26th, and dedicate the New City Hall. Dedicating two new halls in succession is something new. In Phœnixville, Pa., on the 12th; Tom Thumb had to give two entertainments in one evening, to accommodate all who sought admittance. Alfred Cately is the business agent for the company.

Our Richmond correspondent gives a favorable report of amusements in that city. Read his letter: DEAR CLIPPER—Full houses are now the nightly scene at the theatre here, the city being full of visitors from all parts of the State. This is owing to the Convention, which commenced its session here last Wednesday. The round of benefits still continues. Mr. R. S. Meldrum had a good house on the occasion of his benefit on Monday evening, a large number of ladies being present; Meldrum is quite a handsome young man—hence the attraction. The play of the evening was the dramatic version of "Rose Elmer," which makes quite an attractive drama. It was well performed throughout, but the lady artistes especially acquitted themselves well, Mrs. De Bar, as the wife of "Thugson," Mrs. Phillips as "Laura Elmer," and Miss Ida Vernon as the heroine of the play, "Rose Elmer." Mrs. De Bar read her part, in the interview with Thugson, admirably. On this occasion, Miss Mary Partington made "her first appearance in eight years," and was warmly applauded. I think she is one of the most graceful dancers now on the stage. I well remember how she delighted the Olympians some twelve years since. Last night the "Parlor and the Cabin" was again produced to a full house. I believe I alluded to this play in my last letter, but, on this occasion, some additions were made to it in the form of an argument on Abolitionism, between an Englishman and a Southerner. When it is known that the drama is presented before a large number of slaves who occupy the galleries of all Southern theatres, the policy of introducing arguments against slavery—no matter if ably controverted at the same time—is very questionable. "Uncle Pete" and "Aunt Violet" were again well personated by Messrs. Kunkel and Moxley. "Toney," another colored individual of the play, was performed by Mr. H. Clifford, but he adopts the Bryant style of darkie, and he reminded me forcibly of Jerry Bryant in his corner at Mechanics' Hall, Broadway. To night, Mrs. Phillips takes a benefit, and presents an attractive bill of performance, Miss Mary Partington, and Miss Josephine Parker being announced to appear.....The other evening there was quite an exciting time in the theatre, for a brief period, the occasion being as follows:—One of the occupants of a private box chose to sit on the edge of the box with his back to the stage, "a la Bowery," whereat the parquette gents took immediate offence, testifying their disapprobation by the inevitable hissing. This, the offender bore patiently for some time, until he though the had "spotted" one of the hissers, when he promptly left the box, came down into the parquette, and wanted to know who it was that undertook to hiss him; a crowd around him was the immediate result, and fight seemed to be the order for the time being, but nothing pugilistic came of it, as they are not "on that kind of thing" here, as the scions of the F. F. V.'s prefer the gentlemanly custom of stabbing and shooting in their affrays, to the manly art of self defence, as illustrated by Messrs. Heenan and Sayers. The gent from the private box, the moment he entered the parquette, put his hand *in* his coat pocket, and I presume *on* his revolver; for knives and revolvers are as common as pocket books and tooth picks among the young Southern bloods, who especially favor this—what many persons justly consider a cowardly custom. Of course all are not cowards that wear arms, but *cuvies* all cowards wear them. Several new productions are promised during the session of the convention, and I shall of course post you up as usual.

RICHMOND, February 15th, 1861.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE AVONITES meet every Monday evening at 211 8th Avenue
29-3m* HARRY EAMES, President.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN BALTIMORE.—The Studley Dramatic Association gave their 4th entertainment at their new hall, corner of Howard and Lexington streets, Baltimore, on Friday evening, 8th inst., to a crowded house. The pieces selected were the "Lady of Lyons" and the "Spectre Bridegroom," together with a tableau of Washington and Liberty. Everything passed off to the satisfaction of the audience, and creditably to the members. Among those especially worthy of notice may be named Mr. Harry Ordelf, as Claude Melnotte; Mr. Edward Evans, as Beauseant; Mr. E. H. Bennett, as Glavis; Mr. E. R. West, as Col. Damas; Pauline, by Miss Josephine M. Warner; Madame Deschapelles, by Miss Annie Johnson; and Widow Melnotte, by Miss Millie Durant—all of whom frequently elicited rounds of applause. In the farce of the "Spectre Bridegroom," Mr. G. W. Hooper, as Nicodemus; Mr. Harry Franklin, as Paul; Mr. R. H. Skerrett, as Capt. Vauntington; Mr. B. T. Oliver, as Aldwinkle; together with Miss Annie Johnson, as Lavinia; Miss Millie Durant, as Georgianna; and Mr. Jno. Godfrey, as Diggory, deserve especial notice for the creditable manner in which they performed their respective parts. Amongst the audience was Mr. J. B. Studley, after whom the association was named; also Mr. Theodore Hamilton, as well as several others of the profession. This was the 4th performance of the association in their new hall, but the 6th since their organization.

THE J. R. SCOTT D. A. will give a performance at Dramatic Hall this evening. Love's Sacrifice and the Lottery Ticket are on the bill. No gentleman will be admitted unaccompanied by a lady.

ON DIT, that Miss Kate Francis will shortly have a benefit. Several of the old amateurs have volunteered.

THE WASHINGTON IRVING D. A., will give a performance at Washington Hall, corner of South 7th and Fourth Street, Williamsburgh, on Thursday evening, Feb. 21st. Rob Roy, Robert Macaire, and The Bold French Captain will be performed.

BURTON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—The Burton Dramatic Association "still lives," having re-organized under a partially new organization, as follows:—John Cooper, President; T. C. Wittenburgh, Vice President; C. Wallace, Stage Manager; W. H. King, Artist; F. L. Curtis, Secretary; Geo. T. Martine, Treasurer.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

TERMS—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $12.00 per annum; club of twelve, $18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance.

Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion

Day of publication, Wednesday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

DISEASES AND THEIR VICTIMS.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY.

There are particular seasons of the year, when, as it must be familiar with all persons of more than ordinary observation, the average of sickness and death is suddenly increased, and thence goes on still increasing for a time. Special features mark these eras. Sometimes, it may be that the diseases reported are of the ordinary kind, and the persons so afflicted, or carried off by such means, consist of the old and the young. At other seasons, on the contrary, it is some new complaint that is the peril and the terror, and a distinct description of humanity inhabiting the city or country district that furnishes the sufferers and the victims. Again, a novel disorder may attack everybody as it were, or a disorder long known visit a particular class. In all cases, there is much said in the newspapers; the weekly averages of the hospitals and the city inspector run up; the undertakers confess to a flush season, and the regrets of the relatives of the suffering or the departed are deep, though perhaps not loud.

By concurrent testimony, one of these periods of physical distress is with us now—its speciality consisting in its general application to children. It is not by any means a new disease, which has been, and is still playing havoc among the younger generation; rather, a combination of the old and common, terminating in what is understood under the generality of "congestion of the brain." It is sudden in coming, brief in its stay, and in too many cases, fatally sure in its work. Yesterday, it may have been one child in a household that was attacked; to day, it may be two; and to-morrow the two may have ceased to be.

It is but natural, in view of all these circumstances, some sort of conclusion should be arrived at; and we find that conclusion in the allegation that the "fluctuations in the weather" are to blame.

This we hold to be most ridiculous, and to be substantially denied by the fact that it is not the children most exposed to the above "fluctuations"—the young haunters of our streets—who are, in anything like a majority, the sufferers under the present circumstances, but the children of what is called gentle culture. Here, nature, as in many other instances, has been reproached for a fault attributable only to a rule in opposition to nature. It is not to a difference to the extent of a few degrees in the thermometer, or to an alternation of clear and cloudy skies, that the physical trouble referred to has to be traced; but rather to those senseless guards against the weather, conjoined with a carelessness in diet, by no means uncommon among people who should know better, and have the means to train up their children in the direction of robust health. A great mistake in this same way of dieting the children of our comparatively wealthy citizens is obvious. What those children consume is altogether of too rich a composition to agree with their ripening organizations; there is too much of *fancy food* allowed them; too little air when the atmosphere out of doors is really bracing, though proclaimed, *in doors*, too cold. This may be all very well for a time, but it has its sure effects when any change out of the ordinary occurs. It is then that the weather *aids* in the work of illness, but is, assuredly, not its *cause*. It is believed to be the latter; but it is nothing of the kind.

Of this proofs are not wanting—both direct and collateral; so far as regards those complaints, which, unlike the complaint we have been speaking of, leave the wealthy almost untouched, while they run riot with the poorer classes of the community. The cholera and similar diseases may be spoken of in this connection—diseases which, it is understood, feed on, if they do not exactly proceed from, the squalid habits of their victims. Here, again, it is accident that induces what is attributed to an absolute rule—that nature is made to bear the blame for bringing about a matter it never had anything to do with. No more convincing proof of how unnatural, in its effects at least, a disease may be, is on record—imprinted in black and white, for the edification of all enquirers after the truth—than in the returns of the Board of Health, in London, during the cholera scourge of 1831-2-3. Then, when the weekly mortality of the English metropolis was doubled—the increase over the usual average being referable to cholera alone—it was found that the number of the comparatively wealthy who died were in the degree of one to fifteen of the poor, and that in the very highest circles of fashionable life, only one person succumbed to the destroyer! We need scarcely state what we desire to infer here—that, in the case of one complaint, it was care on one side, and a predisposition towards the visitation on the other, that effectuated as we have stated, just on the same principle, that in a more ordinary complaint, it is always these reversed positions that accrue reversely.

We are unwilling to dismiss the subject, without alluding to the golden mean of the two extremes. Let the children of our wealthy fellow citizens dare the winds of heaven and the changes of the weather, somewhat after the example of their poorer brethren—let them also eschew a luxurious diet. Let the children of our streets, too, be better cared for in their homes; let ventilation be looked to, and plenty of fresh water be taken outwardly and inwardly. The observation of these and a few other rules would surely eventuate very beneficially. We should have fewer diseases, ordinary or extraordinary, fewer deaths, and less trouble; while our populations would obtain a degree of physical excellence they cannot lay claim to now.

INCIDENT IN THE TRAVELS OF JOHN C. HEENAN.—We learn that recently, when the above named pugilist was going up the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and when, as a matter of course, he attracted a huge crowd of sight-seekers, he, at length managed, by a dextrous movement, to disappear. Still, wherever the cars stopped, it was thought that Heenan was at hand; and not to disappoint those who had come out to catch a glimpse of the champion, as well as out of pure love for mischief, a wag, fixing upon a Mr. Baker, one of the occupants of the train, when it arrived at Corinth, exclaimed—"That's he! that's Heenan!" Through these means, Mr. Baker was all at once elevated from the position of a quiet mail agent to the hero of an excited populace. By and bye, however, somebody dissolved the spell, by observing, "That's not Heenan—that is only Baker, the mail agent—Heenan in a horn! Why, *he* left the cars an hour ago." There was a sudden change from the sublime to the ridiculous. The mail agent stood, overwhelmed with confusion, but vowing within himself that if he ever found out the originator of the joke, he would give him "striking" proof of his appreciation.

TOM SAYERS.—This redoubtable ex champion of England still has it in contemplation to visit the United States, but at what precise period is not stated. When Tom *does* come, we want him to have a substantial welcome, which he cannot very well receive in the present distracted state of the country. Let him defer his visit until our present "irrepressible conflict" has been repressed, (as it will be, we firmly believe, in a few months) and then he will have a clear stage. He will be welcome at any time, but we should advise him to take the trip when money matters are more easy, and when honors will *not* be divided.

RAREY IN BALTIMORE.—During the lectures on horse taming by Mr. Rarey, in Baltimore, it is said that our friend Jack Herrman, the ballad singer, (who, by the bye, keeps a snug livery stable in that city,) has proffered the use of his biting and kicking stallion, Arab, for Mr. Rarey to practise upon.

BILLY MULLIGAN AGAIN.—Strenuous efforts are being made to have the recent conviction of Billy Mulligan set aside, and a new trial granted. To this end, Mr. Jas T. Brady moved for a writ of error in the case, on the 14th, in the Supreme Court. Mr. Brady argued in favor of his motion at considerable length, showing that the jury who convicted Mulligan gave a verdict against the facts. The indictment charged that Mulligan made a felonious assault upon an officer, and *discharged* at him a pistol, etc., whereas it was in evidence that the pistol was *not* discharged. As we said at the time, Mulligan was convicted not on the evidence submitted, but through outside influence, chief among which were the attacks made upon him by newspaper scribblers. The District Attorney, on the 14th, opposed Mr. Brady's motion, and the Court reserved its decision. Our opinion is, that the former judgment against Mulligan will be reversed, that a new trial will be granted, and that eventually Mulligan will be released altogether. Had Mr. Brady been retained on the former trial, as Mulligan supposed he had been, we do not believe the latter would have been convicted. The defence was very clumsily managed.

A BAD GO.—The defeat of Planet, at Charleston, S. C., on the 6th inst., took the "unknowing ones" by surprise when the news reached here. The turfites could hardly believe it possible; but la! it's nothing, after all. It is not necessary that one fast animal should *always* win, you know. Circumstances make it necessary sometimes for the better horse to take a back seat.

A CHAMPION SKATER.—H. C. Carr, of Union Springs, N. Y., who has challenged the world for a trial of speed on skates, was at Auburn last week, and in company with a party of young gentlemen gave a specimen of his quality on the lake. An exchange thus speaks of him:—"After seeing the gentleman on the ice, and witnessing some of his tremendous bursts of speed, we are ready to believe that under favorable circumstances, with good ice and strong, steady wind, he can do his mile in two minutes. His strides, when under full motion, are about 22 feet, and he passes our best skaters as easily as Flora Temple would pass our friend Martin Calvin's mail wagon. One fair and square jump, clear from the ice, measured 18 feet and 9 inches, and he offered to bet $25 that he could add three feet to that length, with no takers. Mr. Carr came out yesterday for the purpose of accommodating the man who offered to bet $100 through the Union, several days ago, that he could run eight rods on the ice, without skates, faster than any person could skate the same distance. It is needless, perhaps, to say that, after diligent inquiry, no person could be found willing to back the Union challenge. On his return home, Carr found a communication from Rochester, offering to match him for a mile on the ice for any sum from $100 to $150. Carr will probably accept the wager. We did not learn the name of the fast skater in Rochester, but whoever he may be, he must be up and ready if he expects to out skate Carr."

QUAIL SHOOTING.—Keokuk, Iowa, Jan. 20, 1861.—FRIEND CLIPPER: The last match of the shooting season here came off on the 12th inst., between H. Greenwood and J. Stannus, for a supper to the Keokuk Shooting Club; 9 quails each, from a spring trap, 20 yards rise, 60 yards bound, 1½oz shot. The result was as follows:

Stannus.....111111111—9 | Greenwood.....101101001—5

The day was fine, and the birds flew well. Greenwood killed two, which fell out of bounds, and therefore were not counted. Stannus belongs to the Keokuk Shooting Club, but Greenwood is an "outsider" and has offered to shoot with any member of the club, for any sum not exceeding $50. The club, however, is opposed to the principle of shooting for money, and nobody took up Greenwood's gage. Since then, Greenwood has offered to shoot with Stannus at pigeons, as soon as they can be procured.

PIGEON FEATHER.

CLIMBING TELEGRAPH POLES—CHALLENGE.—Phil'a., Feb. 12, 1861—MR. QUEEN: As there has been so much puffing and blowing about fast and expert climbing on a telegraph pole in Philadelphia matches which have come off of late, I claim the privilege of saying a few words in relation to this matter. I hereby throw down the gauntlet to all telegraph men, and offer to climb, with any man living, a 43 foot pole, up and down, for $100, or as much more as my opponent deems just. There is a pole erected here in Philadelphia for that purpose, and I now sincerely hope, since Wilmington, Baltimore, New York, New Brunswick, and the balance of our Philadelphia climbers have been making so much noise, they will at once accept this simple challenge, and sock up. I am on hand at the tap of the drum, and waiting for a customer.

CHARLES TIMMONS, Champion.

THE TURF.

RACE FOR $4,000 IN CALIFORNIA.—Several weeks prior to the 12th of January, a match was made between two mile horses which had gained somewhat of a notoriety, to run a race, single dash of a mile, over the Yolo Grove Course, Sacramento, for $2,000 a side. The match was to have come off on the 5th, but in consequence of the storm, which laid a portion of the Yolo Grove Course under water, the horses were removed from there to the Centreville Course, and the race postponed until the 12th. For some reason or other, all the surroundings of the race were kept unusually quiet, and for that reason it was thought by some that there was a "flaw" somewhere. But these speculations turned out to be groundless, as the race was *bona fide*. The weather of the week preceding the race being fair and sunshiny, the track had become solid and in good condition; and the travel to the course being much improved, there was a large crowd in attendance. Previous to the start, there was lively sport in the betting line, Yellow Hawk being the favorite; the odds, twenty to fifteen, being freely taken by the friends of Emigrant John; and there could not have been less than $15,000 changed hands. Emigrant had the inside on betting early in the day, but when he came upon the track, he did not present those fine drawn points that mark the racer. He looked too fat and heavy, and at the same time showed that he had the power to carry it all along with his 110 lbs. weight, at a pretty good lick. When Emigrant made his appearance, some of his shaky friends turned round and bet against him, deeming themselves too shrewd to be caught on the wrong side; and that they were shrewd (over the left) the result will show. The riders being weighed, each 110 lbs, the horses were got ready, and after two false starts, went off. Shortly after the commencement of the race, Emigrant John was ahead on the inside, until Hawk coming up to the turn made a brush and shot ahead about a length, and kept so for a short distance. John came up even with him, however, and displayed such powers of locomotion that those who had hedged against him wished they hadn't. On passing the first quarter, John shot ahead, and kept about three-quarters of a length in advance of Hawk for about sixty yards, when Hawk came up, the riders of both horses pushing them to their utmost. At it they went to the half mile, which they passed in 55 seconds. A short distance from this point John was a neck in advance and kept gaining on Hawk, all the way round, both under heavy whip and spur, their caudal appendages working from side to side like the rudder of a boat. On coming up to the homestretch, the excitement on the track was intense, and it did seem as if the eyes of some men would leap from their sockets, so earnestly did they gaze. John was in the lead, and his friends became candidates for Stockton. Hawk was close behind, but the jig was up, as John passed the score, about one length ahead in 2:02, in the midst of the most vociferous demonstrations of triumph. We append the summary:—

CENTREVILLE COURSE, Saturday, Jan. 12th, 1861.—Match race for $2,000 a side; single dash of a mile.

Mr. Witcher's b g Emigrant John..... 1
Mr. Wood's y g Yellow Hawk..... 2

Time, 2:02.

HORSE RACE.—SOUTH CAROLINA, VERSUS VIRGINIA.—At Charleston, Republic of South Carolina, on the 30th ult., was decided the match race between Mr. O. P. Hare's b. f. Delphine and Mr. Thos. Puryear's ch. f. Rosa Bonheur. Mr. Hare is a prominent turfman in Virginia, and Mr. Puryear is of South Carolina. Delphine has attracted so much attention in Virginia, that she is thought to belong to class No. 1. Bay, about 16 hands high, with very pretty head and neck, rather long in the body, but, taking all in all, a most beautiful and blood-like looking animal. Rosa Bonheur is a very pretty chestnut filly, a little over 15 hands high, and although not half so showy and graceful as her beautiful competitor, yet exhibits those points of symmetry and beauty which cannot fail to arrest the eye of the horseman. The day was lovely, yet the attendance was very small. The betting was generally in favor of Virginia, Delphine being a favorite at almost 2 to 1 before she started. First heat—After one false start, they succeeded in getting off with a tolerable start. Rosa leading by two or three lengths, in consequence of an exhibition on the part of Delphine of her ill-tempered Red Eye blood. Rosa maintained this advantage to the half mile pole, when the Virginian closed up to her within a length and a half, but failed to get nearer, and the heat was won with great ease. Rosa Bonheur coming in three lengths ahead of her competitor. Second heat—The second heat was but a repetition of the first, with the exception that the Virginian had a better start, and that the South Carolina filly came out five lengths ahead. Summary:—

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 30.—Match for $2000 a side, h.ft., Club weights, Two mile heats.

Thos. Puryear's ch. f. *Rosa Bonheur*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Millwood, 3 yrs..... 1 1
O. P. Hare's b f. *Delpaine*, by Red Eye, dam by Non Plus, 4 years..... 2 2

Time, 3:49; 3:58.

POISONED.—A jack valued at $5000, and imported from Kentucky by Mr. Hicks, who lives on the road, half way between Sacramento and Stockton, was poisoned in December last. This is not the first time, we hear, that valuable animals, belonging to Mr. Hicks and others, have thus been put away, and we heartily concur with our California contemporaries, in saying, if it is done for revenge on the owners of the stock for fancied or real wrongs, it is a most brutal way to satisfy that revenge. A man who would deliberately put out of existence a valuable animal, which could not possibly injure, would have but little compunction of conscience in extending the same treatment to his fellow man.

SPARRING.

JOHNNY MONAGHAN'S BENEFIT.

On Tuesday, 5th inst., the peculiarly constructed saloon, ycleept, the Art Union, was hired, together with all the auxiliaries thereunto appertaining, for a musical and boxing entertainment, in honor of a real live boxer, who has been one of the leaders in all the milling matches that have been got off the past few years within a dozen miles of "the start." Monaghan is none of your feather bed fighters, who do all their mauling through "stiffs," or with harmless cushions in the sparring school, but a prime article, an out-and-outer, who would as lieve bare the knuckle as any other man, if only for a lark, or "the fun of the thing." Quite a different individual from the majority, too, for out of the last dozen challenges, how many have settled their miffs in the proper place, and with the proper weapons? We have lots of talk, (which is a cheap article,) but no fighting, and it has been agreed that a certain class of "make-believe" strikers put up with ten times more lip than ordinary clodhoppers on the street. What's the reason of all this, hey? It can't be that any body is afraid, for such ideas are never supposed to find lodgment in a pugilist's knowledge-box; nor should any one covet the name "without the game," and a man that's not willing to fight should be struck off the list at once. How must a professional feel who is taunted and chaffed about So-and-so's being able to cook his mutton or goose in less time than you could skin an eel, or dress a sheep? Would even a school boy put up with what some bogus charlatans of the ring do without demanding some kind of satisfaction? We say decidedly, no! and if animosity is the cause of the trouble, a turn-up for a tenner or a "pony," or for a single dollar, in a room, would go a good ways towards easing such a man's conscience, if he is troubled with that article; after that, he could either make it up or spread himself for a big stake. And how is it that so soon as a fighter leaves this city the first we hear of him is as principal in a fight? Are men afraid of risking their money as backers when a buffer wants a match here; or must he go among strangers? Surely it can't be that every body's afraid of his neighbor, or of being "dead beat" by the individual he puts the most implicit confidence in; and yet we can't understand it any other way. "Something's got to be did," and the sooner a reform is started the better. What's the reason we are not favored with a go like that between Tommy Newton and John Baker about once in three months—the like of which, even to read, stirs up our congealed life fluid, and makes it flow with increased vigor—or an impromptu, like Phelim Cobley and Tom Johnson, who, merely for a grudge, and without training, strip and belt away for an hour and a half like Vulcans at a forge; or shall we ever see such game coves as Bob Purcell or Dan McCarthy on this side the Atlantic? We trow not, for there's too much of the Canal and Broome about town now-a-days, and "they don't make 'em as they used to;" do they Puffy? Occasionally they get stirred up, talk large, and appear to be actually spoiling for a fight, yet manage to simmer down about as quick as the steam's let off. What's up with Jackson, who may be considered matched according to his wish, with Hugby McLain? and why don't that Fourth Warder answer with Hugby Clarke's document—come, come, if it's you, Jack Hayes, let's hear from you; also, Georgy Morton—"can't thee get the 'ardware, my lad, or what's hup any 'ow." None of your "Oh! ahs!" now, for we feel positive there's $500 amongst your friends, if the trouble is taken to hunt them up—"S'help me Bob," we do. Then again, there's Young Biffin, of Boston, whom nobody fancies around there: Billy Donnelly got a cup for besting Quinn—and Biffin does the same favor for nothing; he received a silver cup for polishing off poor "dead and alive" Jimmy Hart, and a belt as the cleverest sparrer in Boston. Now, Johnny Roche had things pretty tight with Hart when Jimmy was on here last; and Prof. Taylor couldn't make the first thing out of Johnny: just put all these things together, and form your own opinions, gents. We don't wish to detract from Biffin, yet we are not prepared to swallow the story of his being the *best* feather weight in the country, "by no manner of means," nor are the feather-weights themselves hereabouts: at any rate, we should like to hear Monaghan's opinion on this point, for he knows, if any body does. Let's hear from you, Johnny.

The Art Union was packed to fever heat, and with Flory Macarty to take the change, "Butch" the tickets, and Handsome Kit Burns for Sheriff, you can bet all your loose silver that the "quills" behaved themselves for once, and "dead heads" went a begging. In future, we shall insist that, when the place is hired for sparring, that part of the arrangements must commence the entertainment, instead of letting the thing run into next morning, as in the present instance; and then those that go for sparring alone needn't be compelled to worry through their stereotyped sayings and doings *nolens volens*. Instead of helping matters, it does injury, and detracts from the merits of the regular company; if the performers were aware of the style of criticism in front, they would be too glad to follow up our idea. The roughs all over the house allowed the show was a "beat," and were, to a man, anxious for the players to cut it as short as possible, with the sole exception of Micky Warren's jig dancing. Uncle Tovee was Solicitor-General, and looked after mating the roosters in his always exemplary manner. "Here they be," *seriatim*:—

JERRY CONKLIN AND JEMMY ELLIOTT.—The representatives from the 4th and 6th wards fully endorsed their rendezvous by "roughing the bush" throughout their brief combat. Jeremiah finished round one by giving James a reserved seat with a jolly cross-counter, and round two found the cross eyed youngster striving hard to square it, though it was like jigging to milestones in lieu of a piper. The Pud carries too much sail for XL, and stabbed him in the nozzle every time, interspersing a few upper-cuts to season the feast; yet slim Jim would come up each round with increased vigor and new fire in his double-seeing optics, showing him to be in possession of the will, if not the physical force, necessary to fight a horse. Elliott has fought in the ring; Conklin has not. *Ad referendum!*

ABRAHAM AND WALKER.—"Not much;" the one afraid and the other darsen't; Walker performing a walk-around, and Abe standing afar off to preserve his Jewish bugle from harm. When they hit, it was more the result of accident than design. The farce ended by the Walker lying down for a rest. Neither one ever figured in the P. R., nor is it at all likely they ever will. *Ne quid nemini!*

GEORGE MORTON AND HARRY LAZARUS.—Some sport has said that "when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war!" and certainly we may apply the quotation to a nicety here, [all but the Greek part of it, you'll say] We must confess, however, to an agreeable disappointment when these little giants took their places, for the people have been so bamboozled with highfalutin talk on the bills that they are nothing to go by at all, say the crowd; it's a fact, boys, and there's no use of denying it. The intense excitement about their last glove fight would seem to go against their ever coming together again in any way other than a fist fight, but strange to say, they have though, and made a rough battle, too. "For this occasion only," Harry put forth all his strength, and bored away hard enough to bring water or blood, yet neither came; as he charged, the John Bull fighter was'nt at all drowsy, for he hopped about from side to side, and pegged away so gaily, that one would think he'd never done anything else for a living—that left duke was hardly ever away from Harry's ribs, when the least opening was visible, and as he sent it cuttingly home, a yell as from a "thousand tongues, a thousand iron lungs," was sent up that must have rent the air on Broadway—it sounded both exultant and defiant; a peculiar yell, that can only be heard at the ring side. Some of Georgy's blows were rather unfair, and several times he struck as low as the hips, but his excitement, no doubt, caused him to be a little rash. "Every time!" bellowed out a Mortonite; while a wag with a heavy moustache chaunted:—"Front seats reserved for ladies!" and a colleague of ours insisted that George could "sweep a crossing," which point we didn't attempt to argue. The whole thing was a repetition of the scene at Harry's own benefit, all but the muss, with Harry clean down once; and on his knees at the finish. So elated was George after it was over, that he jumped, pranced, and danced like an Irishman at a fair, with a look of the "who'll tread on me coat tail" about him that was both droll and severe. Both have appeared in the magic circle. *Væ Victis.*

OWNEY GEOGHEGHAN AND REARDON.—Hot and heavy, with no let-up, and the newly imported big 'un bringing out all Owney's points "as plain as a pike staff," to borrow one of the stunted little John Manning's expressions. This Reardon is a terrific boxer, with a physique of immense development, and big enough to fight for the championship. He has kept quite shady for some reason or other, and sparred with nobody else but Owney since he's been over, thus thwarting a proper description of his abilities. In his facial outline there is a remarkable resemblance to Ed. Price, and if the Cicero of the Ring will only count him in when making up that sparring club, he will get one that he can rely on come what may, through thick and thin, a regular striker, who will become distinguished in a very short time. He's too many for Geogheghan, although there's no back down to Owney under any circumstances, and for this reason Reardon is doubly honored. Neither one ever fought for money, "as we knows on." *Muscle omnia vincit!*

MIKE TRAINOR AND JOHNNY LAZARUS.—"The Rivals" were as lively as old cheese, and before we'd hardly had time to think, Johnny lay on the broad of his back, big boots included. "I'd like to see anybody put me down, that's all," shrieked out Maria, who was getting interested in Johnny's welfare, as he lay upside down. Jack's dignity was a little touched at this, and he offered the fair haired boxer a sitting position, but it was refused, except a slip-down on his knees without relinquishing holds. Mike, observing his little game, ducked his rushes, and held on tight whenever the crook or back-heel was attempted. "Trainor's a pretty boy, ain't he?" asked a maiden with spit curls, up stairs, and we answered: "Indeed is he, my tulip." Mike has won several battles, while Johnny never had a chance. *Multum in parvo.*

JOHN WOODS AND CLARKE THE GREAT.—"Big thing on ice!" eh, Foley? Indeed was it, Honeysuckle, and to see the two victims of Haynau Folk's *argumentum baculimino*, or club law, arrayed for a harmless and and sociable set to, caused old feelings to revive, and we inwardly wished for revenge on both Folk and "his bloody crew" for their sneaking, cowardly and brutal conduct on the Centreville race coure—we sighed for the happiness of putting that individual on the stage, and then let Billy and John handle him without gloves; but never mind, "every dog will have his day." While Will seemed full of the good things of this life, and consequently, a little short winded, "as it were," John acted somewhat strange by "sloshing around" a good deal without putting his Yankee fins in the spots intended; particularly the dexter mauley, which hardly ever told. Bill got home quite often, yet "bellows to mend" was the consequence, and the noises were nearly equal to the song of "Lilly Bolere." But, as the lawyers express themselves, "there is much to be said on both sides." Each man has performed with success in the roped arena. *Suum cuique!*

HEN WINKLE AND HUGH MCLAIN.—A noticeable improvement is coming over Mac, and the stiffness which characterized his motions when he first appeared seems to have forsaken him, for now his shots are not only straight as arrows, but almost as nasty, as Henry will testify. So long as Hen staid away, all was well; but when he gave chase to the Jap, Tommy darted out his sinister fork, and jobbed him at will. This is not *ipse dixit*, but a fact, and we go in for giving the devil his due. Of Ed Wilson who christened Hugby by the name we call him occasionally; we've seen nothing since his turn up with Australian Kelly. Hen and Hugby are thorough bred pugilists. *Ecce homo!*

COBURN AND CLARK THE LESS.—From the determined attitude Coburn assumed, it looked tight papers for the mite to reach his nob; after fiddling about a bit, Nobby let go the painter, and fetched him between wind and water, which caused the boy with the big name to drop down his guard for that spot: next time, however, Nobby took a different route, and landed on the noddle; after which he danced round him ever so good, and in all the subsequent rounds had the best of it. Clark has fought, but we know nothing about Coburn. *Lex talionis.*

MILAGE CORNELL AND FRED MAY.—A scene from the Opera Comique, and a laughable sketch for friend Haney, of the *Comic Monthly*, if he had happened in at the time. To set aside all gassing, it was a made-up thing, and has been performed frequently on the boards of the Old Chatham Theatre. "Yaller" puts on all the fancies, and might be hired to advantage at this hall when next the burlesque of More-I-see and Ben-he-see is on the bill. As before agreed, the finale was brought about by Milage seizing Yaller round the waist, and slinging him several feet off, "all in a heap," to the consternation of the greenhorns and the terror of the feminines, who declared it was shameful. Neither man ever contested for money, as we are aware of, but if we are wrong, "speak, fellow citizens, and let us not blush in ignorance," or any other man. *Audi alteram partem!*

JOHNNY MONAGHAN AND DAN KERRIGAN.—From an accident to Johnny's hand, Tovee told the audience they must not expect as much as heretofore, but he made no apology for Roche, who was up "for to finish," *vide* the bills. As all the other delegates were present from the gay Fourth, we shall look anxiously for John to show cause for his absence. We can't let you off this time; no, no, "not if this court knows itself." The two "hearts of oak" then proceeded to overhaul each other's caputs, and such solidity and stolidity are seldom witnessed. Hugs and hugs, punches and slings, "nip cats on the briz," and divers other things made up the sport, with some of the very best stopping and countering. Neither man is very flashy in style, but they make up for that by their substantiality and dead game, both having been frequently tried, and proved these facts. As it was past half-past twelve, we left them winding up, and cut stick for the Law-less eighth avenue cars, which, altho' supposed to run every fifteen minutes, in reality go about every hour for the especial benefit of the public, after 12 M. Two o'clock found us up home; now let this argument suffice for an early performance of the sparring, for the accommodation of Jerseymen, Brooklynites, Williamsburghers and those living out in the country, as we do. In apology for our Latin quotations at the end of the different set-to's, you can either apply to Joe Shiner, the poet, or Izzy Lazarus, the critic, for information, because they are directly applicable to the men themselves. *Au Revoir*, till we see you again.

JOHN MACKEY IN CINCINNATI.—EXHIBITION AT THE NEW SPARRING ROOM.—DEAR CLIPPER—The lovers of the "manly art" of self-defence were afforded a rare treat on Saturday evening, the 24 inst., at the New Sparring Room recently opened on 5th st., opposite the Dennison House, by that Prince of Scientific Boxers, Johnny Mackey, the trainer and second of J. C. Heenan in his contest with the redoubtable Morrissey, at Long Point. The spacious and admirably arranged room was densely packed, (a process well understood in this *porcine* city) with a delighted and unusually respectable assemblage. Johnny officiated as M. C. The consummate skill with which he addressed himself to this *very important* office gave unqualified satisfaction. In the roughest and hottest bouts, Johnny would invariably let fly a shaft of wit at the expense of the belligerents, which had the effect to disarm them at once of bitter feelings, convulse the audience, assure the timid, and make them feel comparatively comfortable. Mackey is a decided favorite here. He has over 24 pupils, embracing Doctors, Lawyers, Bankers, Merchants, Clerks, etc, etc., and the cry is still they come.

The sparring opened by the M. C., introducing Messrs. FLYNN AND DAVIS, who evidently believed in *violent* exercise, for they "went in" with a will, to the delight of the spectators. Their wind gave *out*, and they gave in, and made way for

JOHNNY LOUDON (Mackey's bartender) and YOUNG BROWN, of Buffalo. This set-to was in strong contrast to its predecessor, both men showing scientific attainments of a high order. Loudon never sacrifices science to mere show. Brown is regardless of parrying, and consequently leaves himself more open than his wary opponent. This encounter was decidedly the best of the evening, (Mackey having no opponent able to bring out his best qualities). They retired amidst tumultuous demonstrations of delight. Then appeared

THE SPIDER, of New York, and the FLY, of this city. The Spider is a "character" in his way; he boasts of having figured at every "Court of Fives" in London; but with the advantage of this formidable experience he could not inveigle the Buckeye into his web; he was too "fly" for that. Cincinnati had the longest reach, and contented himself with out-fighting; he thus got on the Spider pretty often, but it's only fair to the Spider to say the length of his nose greatly facilitated the Fly's *reach*. The Spider indulged in some of his comicalities, to the infinite amusement of the crowd, and then retired in favor of

JOHNNY MACKEY AND THE BOSTON CHICKEN.—A young man of the Shanghai persuasion. He makes very *showy* use of his left hand and legs, but cannot hit, and consequently fared very poorly with such a master as Mackey.

THE STALEYBRIDGE INFANT AND THE FAT BOY, of Toronto, succeeded to the floor, and showed a tolerable knowledge of the art. Ponderous bodies move slowly—therefore, there was less agility displayed in this than in the previous trials. The Fat Boy is a remarkably well formed and handsome young fellow, and Staleybrige is by no means a "lout."

THE BROTHERS LEARY next volunteered to amuse the crowd, and succeeded very well; it was evident they were *too learn* to be *caught napping*—they retired to allow

THE COALHEAVER AND TED HOLLAND a chance to reciprocate favors. The "black diamond" shone to advantage, and convinced the "speckled taters" that he had done some "whipping" in his day. The next essayists were

THE BROTHERS BROWN.—They evidently spar much together, and consequently anticipate each other's every move; quickness alone is their fort; they parry very seldom, notwithstanding they are smart, good natured, and very popular young fellows. They retired amidst much well deserved applause, and were followed by

A STEAMBOAT CLERK AND YOUNG SPENCER.—Neither can make much pretensions to scientific sparring, but they go about it with such a peculiar shade of earnestness on their mugs as to excite one's risibilities; seeing that neither was the *better* man, they quit, and gave

TOTTER AND BROWN a shy; this was a short, sharp, decisive, and very equal tug; believing in the economy of time—they took off the gloves, and gave

TOMMY MEEKIM AND THE DERBY YOUTH a chance to distinguish themselves. Tommy is some on the muscle, and in a few rounds he succeeded in completely reversing Derry's motto—"No surrender." The Youth seceded, and then came the wind up between

JOHNNY MACKEY AND A PUPIL.—Of course any one who dons the mitts to stand before Johnny *must* be up to a thing or two. This set-to was characterized by an exhibition of skill reflecting the greatest credit upon teacher and pupil. They retired amidst the most enthusiastic applause, and the orderly throng left, each for home, delighted with the entertainment.

A match is being gotten up here, and when it takes place you shall hear the particulars. CINCINNATUS.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Feb. 4, 1861.

THE CALIFORNIA PASSAGES FOR 1860.—Wm. T. Coleman & Co's San Francisco Circular and Market Review, published on the 10th ult., says:—"From the details given below it will be seen that the average run of vessels from domestic Atlantic ports the past year differs but little from that of the preceding, although there have been two instances of a remarkably short passage—that of the Andrew Jackson, from New York, in 89 days, and the Sierra Nevada, from Boston, in 97 days. These are the shortest on record from these ports respectively for the last four years; and with these exceptions, we have nothing worthy of special reference. Of a fleet of 115 sail from domestic Atlantic ports, 12 have been compelled to touch at way ports, mostly small craft. Last year the number was 15 out of a fleet of 146. We give particulars as follows:—In the year 1860 there were 69 arrivals direct from New York, the average time being 133⅓ days. The shortest passage that was made during the year was by the Andrew Jackson, in 89 days, the same vessel having in the preceding year made the passage in 102 days, and in 1858 in 101 days. Six other vessels averaged 107½ days each, respectively as follows: the Mary L Sutton in 103; the Robin Hood in 107; the Lookout and Archer in 108; the Ocean Telegraph in 109; and the Great Republic in 110 days. The average in 1859 was 139¼ days, and the shortest 102 days. Average in 1858, 134, shortest, 101. Average in 1857, 126; shortest 91. Average in 1856, 131; shortest, 94 days. It will be seen that the Andrew Jackson bears the palm for the last three years. The Great Republic won it in 1857, and the Sweepstakes in 1856. From Boston there were 27 arrivals direct in 1860, the average time being 141 8-9 days. The shortest was made by the Sierra Nevada in 97 days; and three other vessels averaged 107⅗ days each, respectively as follows: the Morning Star in 105; the Herald of the Morning in 108, and the White Swallow in 110 days. Average in 1859, 140¾ days; shortest 112. Average in 1858, 136; shortest, 107. Average in 1857, 126; shortest, 101. Average in 1856, 131; shortest, 106 days. From other Eastern ports there were 5 arrivals direct: 2 from Baltimore, averaging 155 days; shortest, 143; 1 from Philadelphia, in 140 days; 1 from Alexandria, Va., in 132 days; and 1 from Hampton Roads, in 159 days."

COLUMBIADS.—As these instruments of warfare are not very familiar to the people at large, the following description of them, taken from a scientific journal, will prove interesting to the reader:—A Columbiad is a heavy gun, capable of projecting a solid shot or shell, with a large charge of powder, and at an angle of projection, from five degrees below to thirty above the horizon; it may be said, therefore, to combine the essential qualities of the gun, the howitzer, the mortar, and may be used in place of either one or the other of these pieces in seacoast defence. It does not differ in its external shape from ordinary seacoast cannon. At present there are two sizes of Columbiads in use in our service, viz.: the eight inch and the ten inch. The former weighs about 9,000 lbs., the charge of powder 10 lbs., the solid shot 64 lbs., and the shell 48 lbs. The latter weighs about 15,000 lbs., the charge of powder 16 lbs., the solid shot 128 lbs., and the shell 100 lbs. It is understood that a certain number of ten inch Columbiads are mounted *en barbette*, or upon the most elevated portion of Fort Sumter; as the extra range of these pieces is about three miles, an extent of country about six miles in diameter will be commanded by them; this, however, does not embrace the city of Charleston, for that is understood to be about 3¾ miles from the fort. Fort Moultrie, being only about a mile distant, and being without casemates to protect its garrison or armament, is subject to the direct fire of the Columbiads of Fort Sumter.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WM. C. MILLER, N. Y.—The package came safely to hand, for which accept our thanks. We congratulate you on your recent victory.

JOHN GARDNER, Brooklyn.—Thanks for pains in our behalf; we shall seek opportunities to reciprocate.

GEO. H. DERRICKSON, Philadelphia.—The little game has come to hand; it shall have an early appearance.

THEO. M. BROWN, Penn Yan.—How's that? Written privately.

JOHN SCHLESINGER, Cleveland.—Of course you tried for first, but—Well, only *one* could be first, you know. Your problem (see below) is very highly complimented by Mr. Horner.

W. S. WHEELWRIGHT, N. Y.—You are warmly welcomed back; selections from the games shall have an early appearance.

F. H. THURBER, Prov., R. I.—Very glad to hear from you; it shall be attended to to the best of our ability. Any games from P.?

P. RICHARDSON, Wms'b'g.—Very good. Thank you; glad to see such evidences of good judgment; be more careful of your selections, in future.

H. CHADWICK, Richmond, Va.—Glad to hear from you; next week.

OSCEOLA, Montreal, C. W.—Would you be so kind as to obtain for us a few specimens of the best contests of the rising young player you so warmly commend?

LEONARD AND MARACHE.—At the time of going to press the score in this interesting contest stands:—Marache, 0; Drawn, 1; Leonard, 2. We shall announce the result of Saturday evening's play in the editorial columns, "inside."

PATIENCE A CARDINAL VIRTUE.—"That's so—every time!" but the force of the apothegm "lies in the application o' n't," as our contributors will understand when we tell them that the period of reaching all the interesting and valuable favors they have so generously heaped upon us is at some period in the "dim future." After the present Tournament games, we shall do our best to "divide the honors;" and, for the rest,—"jest *hold on*, I tell yer." *Decorum est patientia.*

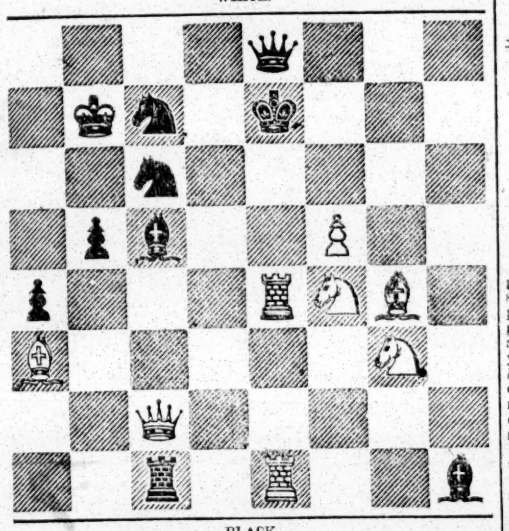
ENIGMA No. 263.
From Ill. London News.
KLING & HORWITZ.

White mates in five moves.

ENIGMA No. 264.
From Bell's Life in London.
BY HERR ANDERSSEN.

Black mates in eight moves.

PROBLEM No. 264.—MIRON'S TOURNEY No. 2.
"*Semper Paratus.*"
(Second Prize.)
BY JOHN SCHLESINGER.
WHITE.



BLACK.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME NO. 264.

Closing *partie* of the recent match in the "Free Tournament," between Messrs. Marache and Richardson.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Attack, N. Marache.	Defence, W. Richardson.	Attack, N. Marache.	Defence, W. Richardson.
1..P to Q 4	P to K B 4	25..P to K B 4	P to K Kt 5
2..P-Q B 4	K Kt-B 3	26..K R P×P	K Kt×P
3..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q 4	27..K R-B 3 (*e*)	K Kt-R 3
4..P-K 3	Q Kt-B 3 (*a*)	28..K R-his 3	Q-K Kt 2
5..K Kt-B 3	P-K 3	29..K-his B 2	Q Kt-Q sq
6..K B-Q 3	K B-Kt 5	30..Q R-R sq	Q Kt-B 2
7..Q-her Kt 3	Castles	31..Kt×Q Kt	Kt-his 5+
8..Castles (*b*)	K B×Kt	32..K-Kt sq	Q×K Kt
9..Kt P×B	Q Kt-R 4	33..R×R P	Q-K B 3
10..Q-her R 4	P-Q Kt 3	34..P-Q R 5 (*f*)	Q R-Q sq
11..B 1st P×P	K P×P	35..K R-his 5	Q R-Q 2 (*g*)
12..Q B-R 3	K R-K sq	36..Q-her 2 (*h*)	Q R-K Kt 2
13..K Kt-K 5	K Kt-his 5	37..Q B-Q 6	Q-home
14..Kt-K B 3	Q B-Q 2	38..Q B-Kt 4	Q-K B 3
15..Q-her Kt 4	Q Kt-B 3	39..Q-K 2	Q B-Q 2
16..Q-Kt 3 (*c*)	Q B-K 3	40..R-his 8+	K-his B 2
17..P-K R 3	K Kt-R 3	41..K R×R	B×K R
18..K B-Kt 5	Q Kt-R 4	42..R-K R 3	K-Kt sq
19..Q-her R 4	P-Q B 3 (*d*)	43..Q-K B 3	Q-K Kt 3
20..K B-Q 3	Q-her B 2	44..K-his B sq	R-K R 2
21..K Kt-K 5	P-Q Kt 4	45..Q R×R	Q×Q R
22..Q-her B 2	P-K Kt 4	46..Q×Kt+	K-R sq (*i*)
23..Q B-Kt 4	Q Kt-his 2	47..K B×B P, and the Defence resigned.	
24..P-Q R 4	P-Q R 3		

(*a*) This is what gets the opening of the Defence into such an almost intractable shape. We think he should rather have played here P to K 3d, and followed it promptly with P to Q B 4th.

(*b*) Has not merely a much superior opening, but a most excellent one *per se*. When does not Mr. Marache get one?"

(*c*) We couldn't resist the impression that the Attack with more courtesy than prudence was trying to lose as much time as his antagonist, so as to get a "fair start;" on the principle of the "Gentlemen of the English Guards, will you please to deliver the first fire?"

(*d*) At last working up a little. This P has been sadly hampered in the rear when it should have been in the very fore front of the fray. 'Tis an uphill struggle now; yet, from this point *to the last move*, he maintains his game with a steady coolness and determination of which the opening is wholly unworthy.

(*f*) "Masterly inactivity." Would n't Q B to Q 6th have been more forcible?

(*e*) Mr. Marache here missed the proper road to victory. K Kt takes Kt, and when P retakes, K to his B 2d would have left him with as sure a victory as he could hope for from so stubborn an antagonist.

(*g*) It's hard work, but the Queen's wing is now coming to the rescue, and in such a way, too, as to be truly formidable. He is acquiring good hopes of a draw.

(*h*) Mr. M. afterwards remarked that he should at once have carried Q to K 2d.

(*i*) A grievous error. He hastily touched his Queen, to interpose, replaced her; and, not wishing to move her, on seeing the consequences, moved his King instead. To have taken Q with P, would, as lengthened examinations seem to prove, have produced a draw. His last half of the game deserves such a consummation.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—By Henry Spayth; pp. 307, containing upwards of 1700 games and critical positions, being by far the most voluminous ever published, is now ready for delivery. Price, $2.00, post paid to all parts of the country. Address FRANK QUEEN, editor NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—The last on hand is inserted.

T. H., Baltimore, Md.—You must hold on until your opponent has moved, in the case referred to.

A. B. C., Brooklyn.—Another from you this week. Call often.

NEMO, Princeton, N. J.—We have not yet had an opportunity to ascertain his views regarding those games kindly forwarded by you. Will embrace the first chance.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 40.—Vol. VIII.
BY A. B. C.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..32	to 27	26	to 19	4..13	to 6	22	to 13
2..30	25	29	22	5.. 6	9	13	6
3.. 9	6	2	9	6.. 1	12, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' ELEVENTH POSITION.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..26	to 23	32	to 28	10..32	to 27	28	to 32
2..27	32	28	24	11..27	24	32	28
3..32	28	24	20	12..24	19	28	32
4..23	19	20	24	13..11	15	32	28
5..19	15	24	27	14..15	18	28	32
6..15	18	3	8	15..18	23	32	28
7..18	15	8	12	16..23	27	28	32
8..28	32	27	24	17..19	23	32	28
9..15	11	24	28				

White now wins by Sturges' 1st position, for solution of which see a late issue of the CLIPPER.

GAME No. 41.—Vol. VIII.
OLD FOURTEENTH.

McKerrow. Black.		Martins. White.		McKerrow. Black.		Martins. White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	17..23	to 27	31	to 24
2.. 8	11	22	17	18.. 1	6	2	9
3.. 4	8	25	22	19.. 5	14	30	25
4..15	18	22	15	20..22	26	25	22
5..11	18	17	13	21.. 3	7	22	17
6.. 7	11	24	20	22.. 7	10	17	13
7.. 2	7	28	24	23..26	31	13	9
8..10	14	26	23	24..31	27	9	6
9..18	22	23	18	25..27	23	6	2
10..14	23	27	18	26..23	16	2	6
11.. 6	10	13	6	27..10	15	29	25
12..10	15	19	19	28..14	18	6	10
13.. 7	23	6	2	29..18	22	25	18
14..11	15	22	18	30..15	22	21	17
15.. 8	11	24	19	31..22	26	Drawn.	
16..15	24	28	19				

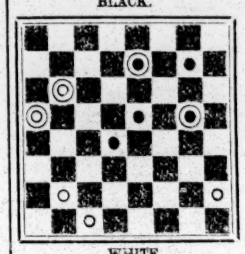
MATCH GAMES.
BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND J. A. J.

Black.—Mary.		White.—J. A. J.	
2..15	22	25	18
3.. 8	11	29	25

BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

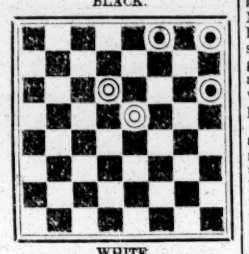
Black.—O. T. S.		White.—W. S. K.
1..11	15	

POSITION No. 77.—Vol. VIII.
BY A. B. C.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

THE 12TH POSITION OF STURGES.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and draw.

DRAMATIC PAPERS.—No. II.

THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE STONE.

ARRANGED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY T. ALLSTON BROWN.

A Mr. Danfield, in 1824 or '25, had cut flaming posters that he would give a grand exhibition of Fireworks on the Hill, in Washington street, near the old Hay Scales, Albany. Fireworks had been played out, in a manner. Several exhibitions of that kind had been given by a Mr. Buckmaster. Mr. B. had declared that he would astonish the "Bucktails" at one of his fiery exhibitions, (many years before the display intended on the Hill); Old Buck astonished *himself*, as well as the doctors. He was foolhardy enough to fire one of the rockets with a lighted cigar held in his *mouth!* Buck retired a wiser and better man, being terribly burned! Danfield's exhibition was a miserable failure, from the following curious reason:—About this time a hen's egg was found in a nest in the neighborhood of Isaac Dennison's mansion. On the egg, in *bas relief* letters, was this strange inscription: "Oh, ye sinners, repent, for the world will be burnt on the 10th day of November!" Very few persons thought of amusements—the excitement ran high. There were no spiritualists or Millerites in those days, and if there had been, they would have been thrown far in the back ground. Knots of sinners could be seen on the corners of the streets, discussing the coming event. Old women and fidgety maids turned pale, said their prayers, and became penitent. Some folks fairly howled with fear and trembling. Some became as penitent as lambs about to be led to the slaughter, and awaited the coming of the "general muss" with Christian resignation. A poor devil, a barber, became so nervous while shaving a customer, that he actually shaved one of his ears off! Old grandfather Dale, of the Eagle street Lancaster School, (who never flogged the urchins) was minus scholars for many a day. The fighting youths of the Hill and Foxen Creek ceased to batter each other with brickbats during this awful suspense. "Hitetities" had played out.

Jim Boardman, a *pious* citizen of Gotham, who "built stronger than the mason," and who was always on hand to assist the Coroner in rifling the pockets of drowned persons, declared that the "folks was crazy, when they might escape the conflagration by putting for Lower Canada." Old Penny, a demented street preacher, pitched into the sinners right and left, and warned all hands to keep their eyes skinned for the fatal 10th of November! John Winne and Lew Macintosh, typos, said the 10th might come and be d——! They had received nothing but lottery tickets for their services; (the boss gave lottery tickets to the jours in lieu of cash). They had drawn nothing but blanks for six months, and had become desperate. Johnny Peltman gave them fatherly advice, and with tears in his eyes begged them to "repent," and remember the little scores on his slate before the 10th. The affair, of course, turned out to be a decidely "bad egg." The hoax was gotten up by a shoemaker, by preparing the shell of the egg with a strong acid, after putting on the letters. Hence this grand hubbub among the weak-minded and credulous!

Old Platt, a magician, performed sleight-of-hand and ventriloquism on public occasions in the summer. Among some of the interesting experiments performed by the Professor, were running pins and needles into various parts of his body, biting and licking a red-hot poker, etc. A collection was then taken up for Old Platt's benefit. He could generally be seen on "Pinkster Day," among the darkies, with his violin, on the hill—"Pinkster Hill"—south of the Capitol. Pinkster Day was a great day, a gala day, or rather week, —for they used to keep it up for a week—among the darkies. The dances were the original Congo dances, as danced in their native Africa. They had a chief, "Old King Charley." The old settlers said that Charley was a Prince in his own country, and was supposed to have been one hundred and twenty years old at the time of his death! That knocks Joice Heath, Barnum's India Rubber humbug, higher than a kite. At these festivals, old Charley was dressed in a strange and fantastical costume—he was nearly bare-legged, wore a red military coat, trimmed profusely with variegated ribbons, and a small black hat with a pompon stuck in the side. The dances and antics of the darkies must have afforded great amusement for the ancient burghers. As a general thing, the music consisted of a sort of drum, or instrument constructed out of a box with sheep-skin heads, upon which old Charley did most of the beating, accompanied by singing some queer African airs. Charley generally led off the dance, when the Sambos and Phillises, juvenile and antiquated, would put in the double-shuffle-heel-and-toe-breakdown, in a manner that would throw Master Diamond and other modern corkonians somewhat in the shade. These festivals seldom failed to attract large crowds from the city, as well as from the rural districts, affording them a huge amount of unalloyed fun. Negro minstrelsy has held its own down to the present day, it now being in full feather, and likely to continue for years to come.

Old Danfield's Museum was a good resort for the curious of Cincinnati. Among the various attractions, was an exhibition called the "Infernal Regions." Here could be seen devils of all sizes and colors—sinners plunging head-foremost into the burning gulf by the acre—dying groans, gongs sounding, peas rattling, sheet-iron thunder roaring, and a devil of a rattling generally. The audience were in the dark, but the regions were as light as day. The Prince of Darkness was a respectable looking old Devil, who stood in front of the bars that separated the audience from this Pandemonium. Old Nick was a sort of Shakespearean clown. He said all sorts of funny and sarcastic things in reply to any person who dared to make a remark. The jokes of "Joe Miller" were showered upon his head—in fact, he was a hugely funny devil. How the Hoosiers used to roar and clap their hands at his Satanic Majesty's retorts.

In this Museum was to be seen some of the finest statuary I ever saw, the handiwork of Hiram Powers, the great American sculptor—being his first efforts. That master piece, the Greek Slave, was perhaps little thought of at the time by Powers. In this Museum was to be seen a wax figure of a Cincinnati Exquisite, dressed in the very height of fashion, with his quizzing glass to his eye, taking a sly glance at a fashionably dressed lady. This figure, it was asserted, was intended for Herr Cline. A fine figure of Alexander Drake, one of the best comedians of the age, also graced the collection. Old Denfield's show, I believe, is now numbered with the things that were; the Infernal Regions, with all the Imps, went to old Nick.

All sorts of plans and devices were invented in those days to draw a house. Among the throng was a genius who got up an exhibition which he called in the bills, "Le Chattele grand Concert," in English, the "Cats' Grand Concert." The concert was arranged on a novel plan—a table was constructed to look as near like a piano as possible—several holes (pulpit style) being made for the cats' heads. The feline vocalists ranged from a large sized "Thomas" cat down to a small kitten (the high st note); their tails and bodies were held as tight as a vice. The heads of the cats faced the audience, and the tails *faced* the pianist; the operator pinching their tails, and thus the music was produced! Music books were arranged before the feline troupe of vocalists, and all things *a la* Jullien, Strakosch, etc. Several rehearsals took place, and the proprietor saw a fortune staring him full in the face. The night finally came for the grand Cat Concert, and a full house greeted the manager—up went the curtain—the cats became frightened, and all set up a full chorus together. About this time, some one connected with the show cried out at the top of his voice, "Fire! Fire!" The audience made a rush for the street—the manager, in the meantime procured a rope, lowered the feline troupe into an adjoining yard, thus escaping the vengeance of the mob, and a grand cat-astrophe! This was at Pulling's Museum, corner 5th and Main street, and Crampton was the inventor.

Charley Parsons played at the old South Pearl Street Theatre, Albany, after Burroughs' time. Burroughs, a splendid melo-dramatic performer, managed for Sandford. Mrs Hamblin, wife of Tom Hamblin, of the old Bowery, was the leading woman in this company. Parsons was an inferior actor, especially in tragedy—he was of Herculean frame, round-shouldered, and had a voice like artificial stage thunder! He was a great favorite, however, in the Southwest. He played "Roaring Ralph Stackpole" to perfection. Had Dr. Bird seen Ralph and Parsons, he would have been puzz'ed to distinguish one from the other. It was actually worth the price of admission to see Parsons as Ralph, without his uttering a word. Parsons being a speculative genius, he left the stage and went to preaching in the Methodist Church at Louisville; but he soon slid backwards, and finally slid on the stage again—but the "spec" wouldn't pay; he made a failure, and so Roaring Ralph abandoned the "devil's frying pan" (the stage), and was once more received to the arms of his deserted flock. I heard him preach the next Sunday after he left the stage, but it was Roaring Ralph all through the sermon, the prayer, and the benediction. Parsons never returned to the stage again, but has gallantly battled with the Evil One, who goes around like a "roaring" lion, seeking whom he may devour. Parsons certainly had the old fellow on the roar!

Miss Twibell, a beautiful girl, played at the Pearl Street Theatre. She was the daughter of Twibell, an actor and vocalist, who was unequalled in nautical songs, such as the "Bay of Biscay O," "The Waterman," "Harry Bluff," &c. It was said that Twibell treated his daughter very cruelly at times. During one of Twibell's fits of anger, the gallant Tom Flynn, comedian, interfered with her heart, hand and *fortune*, and one day made the pretty and fascinating Miss Twibell Mrs. Flynn. Flynn was a genius in his way. He was engaged to play at the Pearl Street Theatre, and was to open as Young Rapid in "Cure for the Heartache." Night approached, the boat from New York was detained on the bar. Vernon, I think, was substituted for Flynn, but at the end of the first act Flynn arrived, and finished the play. Old Jack Barnes and his wife were playing here at the time. Old Jack made an apology to the audience for Flynn, in his own peculiar style, which was as good as a first-class farce, and the performance went off with immense *eclat*. Roberts, an excellent comedian, played that night. His rendition of Ballie Nicol Jarvie, in Rob Roy, was probably never equalled in either hemisphere. His French, Scotch, Irish, and Cockney dialect was smooth, natural, and perfect. He was in every sense of the word a gentleman and a scholar, amiable, and beloved by the profession, as well as by all who were fortunate enough to become acquainted with him. Roberts succeeded Gates at the Bowery. He was a printer, and an excellent one too. He died in Charleston.

Speaking of Tom Flynn reminds me of an incident of some importance. Tom broke the nose of the celebrated Tragedian Lucius Junius Booth, with a fire poker or tongs, at a hotel, I think in Charleston, S. C., which was the cause of that very marked nasal sound in Booth's utterance. Previous to this unfortunate mishap, Booth's face was very handsome—a perfect model—his nose was prominent, but not too much so, and a little inclined to aquiline. His face, as all who ever saw it, well remember, was strangely beautiful, and remarkably expressive. His eyes were of a dark blue, full, rolling, and as bright and piercing as the eagle's. Booth had one great failing, that of indulging too freely in the bowl—that is, at times—he would abstain from it for weeks, even months. Liquor would frequently produce upon him a state of phrenzy that was sometimes terrible, and when these fits were on, he would as soon attack friend as foe. Even when Booth was "himself," in his palmiest days, so deeply would he be engrossed in the character he represented, and be so completely carried away with it, that his brother actors were rather shy of him, being well on their guard, lest he should play *real* tragedy with them. While Booth was playing Richard, at the old Park Theatre, he chased, with sword in hand, an actor who played Richmond, out of the back door of the theatre, and around into the Park. Richmond, however, being the swiftest on foot, eluded him. Booth came very near killing Miss Johnson (afterwards Mrs. Hilson), at the Park Theatre. He was playing Othello, she Desdemona. In the scene where Othello is supposed to smother Desdemona, by placing a pillow over her face, while she is in bed, Booth bore down the pillow with such force as nearly to suffocate her. The actors behind the scenes, however, fearing he was carrying the joke too far, or acting a little too natural, rushed to the bed and extricated the fair Desdemona from her perilous situation.

But to return to the breaking of Booth's nose. Booth and Flynn, it appears, roomed together. In the course of the night, when in one of his fits, Booth attacked Flynn, having just returned from the theatre with the dress of Iago on, exclaiming, as he approached him, in the language of Iago:—

"Nothing can or shall content my soul
'Till I am even with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I have put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong,
That judgment cannot cure."

Flynn, in self defence, grabbed the fire poker or tongs, and struck Booth over the nose, breaking it! Flynn ever regretted the act, and would actually shed tears whenever allusion was made to the affair, as he absolutely idolized Booth. To be continued.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF
WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,
NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
NUMBER FOURTEEN

Dick Alexander, the Coalheaver.—His Fight with Harry Lancaster.

The above Knight of the Sack made his *debut* in the prize ring with Harry Lancaster, on Wednesday, April 24, 1816, at Mousleyhurst, immediately after the fight had terminated between Carter and Robinson. It was for a handicap subscription purse, collected by Mr. Jackson, amounting to fifteen guineas for the winner, and five for the loser. The sturdy coalheaver was not generally known to the amateurs, but it appeared he had recently entered the lists at Twickenham-common, and beat his man in good style; and was now anxious to show his quality before better judges. Lancaster was seconded by Richmond; and Alexander by Oliver. At setting-to, 6 to 4 on Lancaster.

Round 1. The Colheaver set-to with much gaiety, and seemed determined to show fight for the purse. Lancaster, who was an old one in the field of glory, received his attack with much scientific coolness, when several hits were exchanged, and, in closing, both went down.

2. Coaly, *sans ceremonie*, again attacked his opponent, and put in a good body blow with with his right hand. Lancaster returned a severe facer, that made the claret fly, when a close took place, and both again down.

3. Lancaster made play, and tried to see what his customer was made of, but the Coalheaver, regardless of the consequences, went boldly in, and after exchanging a few blows, Lancaster went down.

4. Lancaster, on meeting his man, put in a tremendous hit on the mouth, when a smart rally instantly followed; Coaly was all but down from a severe nobber he received, but recovered himself in good style, and again resolutely attacked his opponent; many heavy hits were exchanged, when they closed, and both down. The Coalheaver was loudly applauded for his courageous conduct.

5. Much punishment was served out on both sides, and the claret was seen trickling fast down their nobs. Lancaster showed evident scientific superiority in this round, and sent his man down in good style. Seven to 4 on Lancaster.

6. This round, like the last, was nobly contested. Coaly drove Lancaster against the stakes of the ring, when a sort of fibbing and a struggle took place to obtain the throw, which Lancaster at length accomplished by throwing his man.

7. Lancaster nobbed his opponent severely, but, in return, he received several severe body blows, and ultimately went down.

8. Both men hit out at arm's length, and the blows exchanged were of that punishing kind as to be heard at distant parts of the ring; there was no deficiency of game on either side, but in the event Lancaster went down.

9. No shyness on either side, thumping away was the order of the day, and Lancaster not only fibbed his opponent severely, but ultimately threw him.

10. Lancaster put in a good hit upon the Coalheaver's mug, which was as smartly returned upon the body by Coaly. It was altogether a good round, milling each other in all directions, till Lancaster went down.

11. The Coalheaver now convinced the ring, that if he was but a novice, he had displayed pugilistic talent enough to place him above mediocrity; it appeared that he did not want courage or activity, and was capable of doing a great deal with his right hand. Lancaster was determined to win, if possible, and kept pelting away at his opponent's face, but Coaly, not deterred, stuck close to him, and returned some severe hits, and both their heads were rather the worse for the mill. Much hitting took place between them, till Lancaster found the ground. Considerable applause from all parts of the ring.

12. Lancaster appeared distressed; the right arm of the Coalheaver did much execution, and in a close Lancaster was thrown. Even betting—if anything, Coaly the favorite.

13. This round was decidedly in favor of Lancaster—he seemed much refreshed, and punished his opponent in good style. Coaly down.

14. Lancaster still kept the superiority, and his opponent again went down.

15. This was a milling round altogether, and Lancaster was driven against the stakes. A great struggle took place to get the throw, which Harry at length obtained, by sending down his man. It was again 6 to 4 on Lancaster.

16. Coaly ultimately went down, and Lancaster had the best of the round.

17. Harry again took the lead, and displayed coolness and judgment. The activity of the Coalheaver was unceasing, and his right hand was conspicuously seen throughout the fight. Much thumping again took place, till the black diamond found himself upon the ground.

18. The Coalheaver set to with great spirit, and planted a severe right-handed hit on Lancaster's cheek, that made the claret spin again, and followed it up by some severe body-blows; but, notwithstanding, Lancaster received the attack firmly and in return, put in some good hits, which claimed the advantage, by sending down his man. Lancaster still the favorite.

19. The black diamond made a sort of running set-to at his opponent—it might be termed a scrambling round—and Coaly was pushed down.

20 and last. Lancaster went boldly up to his man, and put in a severe facer, which the Coalheaver instantly returned, by planting a most tremendous blow on his opponent's throat, which took Lancaster completely off his legs like a shuttlecock, and he came down on the ground stunned by the velocity of the fall. It must have nearly deprived him of breath. A more complete knock-down blow was never witnessed; and so seriously did it operate in its effects, that all the fight was immediately taken out of Lancaster; though it is but justice to observe, that only the minute before it appeared that Harry must have had the battle money.

It seemed not unlikely, that at some future period this Coalheaver might cause some little movement when more known among the milling coves, and prove himself rather a dangerous customer to those of his own weight. He makes excellent use of his right hand, and endeavors to be always in with his man. He seems anxious to get upon the fighting list, and showed himself a promising candidate for boxing celebrity in the above fight, which continued upwards of half an hour. Alexander's height was about 5 feet 9 inches, and weight 12 stone.

FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS.

BILLIARDS.

WILLIAM DUFTON AND CHARLES HUGHES FOR £100.—On Monday evening, 21st ult., the match at billiards between Charles Hughes and William Dufton, 1,000 up, for £50 a side, took place according to agreement at the Eyre Arms Tavern, St. John's Wood, on the same brilliant table made by Burroughs and Watts, on which Dufton played his match with Roberts, of Manchester, during the last summer, and in which the latter was victorious. Both Hughes and Dufton are well known to all the metropolitan admirers of the noble game—Hughes, as the conductor of the tables at Mr. Clayton's Hotel, Carter lane, Doctors' Commons, and Dufton, in the same capacity, at Mr. Billington's, the Commercial Dining Rooms, Cheap side. The time fixed for the match to take place being seven o'clock in the evening, very shortly after that time all the available space was filled, the large saloon being literally crowded. Notwithstanding that in the earlier part of the day, Dufton had been the favorite in the city, but very few responses were heard to the frequent offers by Huges' party to back their "Charley" for even money, and before the commencement of the play 5 to 4, and in some instances 6 to 4 was freely laid on the little 'un (Hughes). Dufton was the first of the competitors who showed in the room, and was loudly cheered by the company, and after he had made a few trial strokes he was joined by his opponent, who had likewise his partisans, who cheered their best to urge him on to victory. He, likewise, struck a few trial balls. The play commenced by their stringing for the lead, which was won by Hughes, who led off with a miss into baulk, Dufton following suit, and during the first hundred he took the lead, and at the finish of the first hundred was leading by 17, Hughes having scored 83, Dufton's breaks consisting of one 6, one 9, two tens, a 15, and one 16, the remainder being made up by single scores. Hughes had scored his number by a 6, a 9, two 10's, a 15 and 16. After this Dufton took a decided lead, scoring 200 to Hughes' 93, making 16, 27, 17, 22, as well as several smaller breaks, and continued scoring in a brilliant manner, making no less than seventeen red hazards with the spot stroke, and in the break 56 off the balls, and increased his score to 288, at which time Hughes, who had been playing remarkably steady, passed him amidst the applause of his friends; his principal breaks up to this time comprised two 9's, 11, 25, 31, 43, 50. The weight of the great crowd in the room having somewhat depressed the floor, the table required levelling, and the play was stopped for some time to allow of the alteration. During the cessation of play 200 to 100 was laid on Hughes, who did not score so fast as before, Dufton reaching the third hundred when Hughes had only scored 291. Hughes began to improve his position, as he again passed Dufton, and at the finish of the fourth hundred was leading by 59 the score being 401 to 342, Hughes having made 11, 17, 40, and 42, besides several other smaller scores, Dufton scoring 8, 11, 14, 15, 16, 18, and 21 off at various portions of the game. Hughes still kept the lead to the 500, at which point Dufton was 443, Hughes having scored 32, 25, &c., and Dufton making some very fine winning hazards. After playing for some little time longer, they retired for ten minutes to rest, the game standing: Hughes, 551; Dufton, 520; and the table was again levelled. On resuming the play, Hughes increased his lead up to 601, to Dufton's 544; Hughes making 32 and 13, and Dufton, 14, 16, 17. The play was very level for some time, and the game at the conclusion of the next hundred was: Hughes, 701, to Dufton's 653; Hughes having made 47 off in one instance, and Dufton making 15, 12, 18, 16, 23, &c. Hughes at this point of the play, took a long lead, and bid fair to win by more than 100, the game being: Hughes, 801; Dufton, 671. Hughes in two instances having scored 42 and 46; Dufton scored 18, 12, and several minor ones.

During the play in the ninth hundred Dufton improved his position materially, as at the finish of the ninth hundred, instead of his being 130 in the rear, he was only 74, the game being: Hughes 901 to Dufton's 827. Hughes scored 22, 17, 19, and several smaller scores; Dufton, 16, 23, 13, 20, 14, &c. Dufton played a remarkably steady up hill game, and was frequently and loudly applauded, nevertheless he was decidedly overmatched, and Hughes playing his old steady game finished the match by scoring 1001 to Dufton's 910. Hughes scored 32, 17, 18, 12, &c. Dufton, 14, 25, 17, 23, &c., by some very fine play. At the conclusion of the match both men were loudly cheered. The game was marked by Mr. Cook, of the Queen's Hotel, Westbourne terrace, Bayswater.

THE AMERICAN DEER WINS A TEN MILE RACE.—Despite the unpropitious state of the weather, a goodly number of the lovers of out-door sports assembled to witness the race of ten miles, for £20, between J. Golding, of Stepney, and W. Jackson, the world-renowned American Deer at Hackney Wick, Jan. 21. The performances of both men are too well known to need repetition. The articles stipulated that Golding should have one minute start, and also that the race should come off between the hours of two and four o'clock. Accordingly, just below the latter named hour the men appeared on the ground. Golding attended by George Clarke, Jackson by a friend. The referee having been chosen, and all preliminaries arranged, at five minutes to four Golding received the word to go, and in the given time covered one lap and about fifty yards. Jackson was now told to go, and away he went after his opponent in the old well-known style, and after running one lap succeeded in passing his man for the first time, thus leaving him only one lap behind. Lap after lap from this point they paced over, Billy gradually making up his lee way, until at the end of the first mile [which was done in 5 minutes 25 seconds] he had gained 12 seconds out of the given minute, and still he went ploughing along as though he delighted in going through the mud, each succeeding lap gaining more and more on his man. At the end of the second mile [which was done in 11 minutes 25 seconds] Jackson had gained 25 seconds, and was running as strong as a steam engine (?). The third mile was covered in 18 minutes 7 seconds, and the Deer was now only 20 seconds behind his opponent. At the finish of the 25th lap Jackson was within 15 yards of Golding, and, in coming into the straight in the next lap, ran up to his shoulder; this completed the fourth mile, which was done in 24 minutes 30 seconds. Going up the hill in the 29th round the "old 'un" put on a spurt and was soon leading by a dozen yards, which in the next he allowed Golding to decrease to about 4 yards, and in rounding the bottom turn in the 30th lap Golding again assumed the leading position, but it was only for a very short distance, for in the succeeding lap the old Deer again rushed to the fore, and at the end of the 33d lap was 25 yards ahead. Here he stopped, and very coolly had "a wet," which enabled the Stepney hero to close up with him, and he was again indulged with the lead. Jackson running at his shoulder until, going up the hill at the 37th lap he put on another spurt, and again led the way; the sixth mile was run in 37 min. 15 secs, and Jackson led by 40 yards, and from this point of the race he kept gradually increasing his advantage until the finish of the 53d lap, when Golding, finding it useless to prolong the contest, gave up, leaving Jackson to finish the remaining 15 laps by himself, which he did at his leisure, completing the entire distance in 1 hour 2 mins. The ground was, from the late thaw, in a very heavy state, which will, in a measure account for the long time.

THE CHAMPION WRESTLING BELT.—Saturday, Jan. 19, having been fixed for the opening contests for this beautiful prize, between 400 and 500 persons assembled at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, to witness the sport, though the entry of competitors was not so numerous as might reasonably have been expected, it exhibiting only six names. They were as follows:—W. Schora, of Ashton; Meadowcroft, of Radcliffe; J. Clough, of Failsworth; A. Walker, of Mossley; T. Rawlinson, of Rawtenstall; and A. Tumbo, of Ashton. Owing to the non-appearance of Clough, only five contended, the first prize being the belt and £5, second, £5. The handsome trophy had been manufactured expressly for the occasion by Mr. W. Preston, of London, upon whom it reflected much credit. The groundwork is of dark velvet, upon which is displayed, in silver thread-work, the words "Champion's Belt." It also bears two silver plated medallions, one representing wrestling, the other, pedestrianism, as well as a miniature figure of Hercules. The shield in front is engraved as under:—"Champion Wrestling Belt, given by Mr. T. Hayes, Copenhagen Grounds, Newton Heath, Manchester, Jan. 21, 1861." The athletes weighed at half-past one o'clock, and having drawn for couples, Tumbo and Meadowcroft entered the arena about two o'clock, the conditions being that the first bouts should be one throw, and the final one two out of three. The betting was 6 to 4 on Meadowcroft, who threw Tumbo after a good struggle. The next pair was Schora and Walker, the betting being 7 to 4 on the former. Schora, though not without some difficulty, floored his opponent in 15 minutes. Rawlinson was, therefore, the odd man, and he had to cope against the first man drawn on.

MONDAY.—There was about the same number of spectators present as on Saturday, and it fell to the lot of Schora to compete against Rawlinson, the latter being thrown by Schora in less than a minute. Then came the final rounds, the betting being 2 to 1 on Meadowcroft. During the first some excellent points were made, and considerable amusement caused, but at length Meadowcroft placed Schora on his back, the contest having lasted 6 minutes. After 10 minutes' rest, the wrestling was renewed, when Meadowcroft once more threw Schora, and thus won the belt, Mr. Hayes immediately investing him with it. Mr. J. Taylor discharged the duties of referee on both days.

GREAT PIGEON MATCH AT YORK.—On Thursday, 24th ult., a pigeon shooting match for £100 a side, came off on the cricket ground at York, between Mr. Joseph Donald, of Huddersfield, and Mr. Thomas Foster, farmer, of Aldwark bridge, near York. The terms were 100 birds each, double risers, 1¼ oz. shot, 21 yards rise, 60 yards boundary. Mr. Foster, in 47 rises, killed 46 birds, and Donald, in 48 rises, killed 54, the latter thus achieving a victory. Mr. Wood, of Huddersfield, was umpire for Donald; and Mr. J. Johnson of York, acted in a similar capacity for Foster.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Indianapolis, Ind., Stephen Smith, Daily Sentinel Office. 41-6m*
Baltimore, Md., J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker, No. 12 North street, basement. 41
Albany, N. Y.....J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20-9m*
Cleveland, O.....T. J. Quinlan & Co., 174 Ontario street. 18-6m*
Troy, N. Y.....A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 33-6m*
Boston.....Peter Kelly, No. 2, Williams' Court. 44-3m*

BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
JERRY, NEIL and DAN BRYANT Managers and Proprietors.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-Renowned BRYANTS' MINSTRELS. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:—

JERRY BRYANT,	DAN BRYANT,	D. S. WAMBOLD,
P. B. ISAACS,	J. H. SIVORI,	G. H. PURCEY,
N. W. GOULD,	D. D. EMMETT,	J. H. HILTON,
W. L. HOBBS,	G. W. CHARLES,	T. M. NORTON,

T. J. PEEL, and NEIL BRYANT.

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c. The first to introduce the following popular acts:—

Essence of Old Virginny,	Scenes at Gurney's,
Scenes at Phalon's,	Challenge Dance,
The Three Hunters,	Surprise Party,
The Garrotters,	African Polka,
Dural MacDill Darroll's,	Grape Vine Twist,
Miss Issippi Fling,	And many others.

Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gosler, Whose Heel Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Mounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.
Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE,
(Late Ordway Hall,)
BOSTON,
OPEN EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK,
For the representation of
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY
In all its Departments, by the world renowned and only
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,
THE ESTABLISHED FAVORITES,
Consisting of the following first class Talent.

E. BOWERS.	FRED HESS,
A. A. THAYER,	J. S. GILBERT.
R. SANDS,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,
E. W. PRESCOTT,	MAST. GETTINGS,
R. M. CARROLL,	J. C. TROWBRIDGE,
CARL TROUTMAN,	JOHNNY PELL,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER,	BILLY MORRIS,
J. P. ENDRES,	LON MORRIS.

The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.
43 LON MORRIS, Manager.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
AT THEIR OLD HOMESTEAD,
NIBLO'S SALOON.
E. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 27TH, AND EVERY EVENING.
N. B.—Messrs. Hooley, Campbell & Griffin beg leave to announce to their patrons and the public generally, that they have leased the above commodious and popular Saloon for the winter season, where they intend to produce a series of Ethiopian Entertainments in the most *recherche* style, which, in point of finish and execution, shall far exceed anything of the kind ever offered to a New York audience, the Programme being UNIQUE, ORIGINAL, and UNAPPROACHABLE.
☞ LOOK AT THE COMPANY. ☜

BEN COTTON,	JOHNNY DULEY.
S. C. CAMPBELL,	ROLLIN HOWARD,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	G. W. CHARLES,
L. MEYERS,	J. C. REEVES,
E. J. MELVILLE,	AUG. ASCHE,
J. J. HILLIARD,	J. SCHMITZ,
S HAYES,	E. M. HOOLEY.

For further particulars, see small bills. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½. Tickets, 25 cents.
44 JAMES O'C. FABB, Agent.

WILSON & MORRIS'
MINSTRELS.
Fifteen Star Performers.
First Annual Tour previous to
THEIR OPENING IN BOSTON.
Look at this array of talent.
CHARLEY BACKUS,
the great Ethiopian Comedian from California.
Mr. CHAS. REYNOLDS, GEO. W. SHEPARD,
ADD. WEAVER, LITTLE BARNEY,
S. P. EMERY, A. JONES,
FRED WILSON,
M. T. SKIFF, W. A. FIELD,
F. CORDUKES, C. BOSWALDS,
J. D. BURTON, W. H. BROCKWAY,
CHAS. W. MORRIS.
We, the management, contend that WE have the best Quartette, the best Musicians, the funniest Comedians, the best Dancers and the best Properties in the Ethiopian Profession. In all of the above statements we COURT criticism and defy competition.
FRED. WILSON, CHAS. A. MORRIS & W. H. BROCKWAY,
Proprietors.
40-tf CHAS. W. MORRIS, Agent.

MRS. MATT. PEEL'S
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,
Comprising
FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS,
Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumerable patrons with their
BEAUTIFUL SINGING,
LUDICROUS BURLESQUES,
UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING,
OPERATIC BURLETTAS, &c., &c.,
Interspersed with a catalogue of over One Hundred different acts, entirely original with this Company, who now hold the palm of superiority over all other Travelling Companies, and the only Troupe in the world that has the undisputed right to the name of
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.
NO CARDS EXPLANATORY,
NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY,
NO FOUL MOUTHED SLANDERS,
As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who were obliged by law to drop the name of Campbell's.
"*VENI, VIDI, VICI.*"
Particulars of the evenings amusements always observed in the distributing programmes of the day.
25-tf J. T. HUNTLEY, Manager.

THE WORLD RENOWNED
JOHNNY BOOKER & HARRY EVARTS' MINSTRELS,
Comprising the greatest diversity of talent of any Company ever organized, consisting of the following BRILLIANT ARRAY OF STARS:—

JOHNNY BOOKER,	HARRY EVARTS,
DICK SLITER,	S. S. PURDY.
ROBT. LANE,	THOS. JEFFERSON,
G. L. HALL,	G. H. WARRE,
A. C. STONE,	HERR HECK,

whose talent and ability have won for them golden opinions throughout the New England States, are now on their Western tour, and will visit Hamilton, C. W., Detroit, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, &c. JOHNNY BOOKER, Manager; HARRY EVARTS, Stage Director; DR. W. H. JONES, Agent. 38-tf

---

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS
RETURNED FROM HAVANA, CUBA.
In consequence of the yellow fever making its ravages among our members, and taking from us some of our prominent performers—by death—we were, for the safety of the remaining ones, compelled to forfeit all engagements and leave the Island for home. The misfortune that befel us has caused the management to disorganize until the 10th of March, when the Company will be made up for their regular Spring and Summer Tour. Artists of acknowledged talent, such as instrumental and vocalists, wishing to negotiate for the season of eleven months, will address
41-tf RUMSEY & NEWCOMB, 472 Broadway.

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY
WOOD'S MINSTRELS,
SYLVESTER BLECKER.....Proprietor and Manager
FROM WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELSY,
561 and 563 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS and PIECES, illustrative of
32-tf SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY,

TO SHOWMEN.—For Sale; Five Panoramas, of the following subjects:—
KANE'S ARCTIC VOYAGE,
ISLAND OF CUBA,
SCOTLAND,
WAR IN INDIA,
WHALING VOYAGE,
Also Forty Life Size Wax Figures, One Educated Bull, Don Juan, Jr. The above will be sold low for cash, or exchanged for other property. GEORGE K. GOODWIN, 117 Court street, Boston.
N. B.—Cash paid for rare Animals 38-tf

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, is ready to negotiate with a "Star" or "Troupe" as Business Agent. Letters addressed to "City Item" Office, Philadelphia, will reach him. 39-3t*

SEYMOUR'S REGALIA AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 152 Canal street. The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose a stamp. No business done on Sunday 51-tf

---

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
444 444 BROADWAY.
444 444 444
444 444 444
THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.
THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.
NOVELTY AND ORIGINALITY.
NOVELTY AND ORIGINALITY.
IMMENSE SUCCESS. IMMENSE SUCCESS.
CROWDED HOUSES.
CROWDED HOUSES
GREAT ACCESSION OF TALENT. EVERY ARTIST A STAR.
The favorite Comedian,
BILLY O'NEIL,
BILLY O'NEIL,
BILLY O'NEIL, BILLY O'NEIL,
BILLY O'NEIL, BILLY O'NEIL,
BILLY O'NEIL,
BILLY O'NEIL,
The Only Original Irish Comedian in America.
CHARLEY WHITE,
CHARLEY WHITE,
CHARLEY WHITE,
CHARLEY WHITE,
The Only True Representative of the Darkey Race.
L. SIMMONS, in his great and unequalled Banjo Solos.
BILLY QUINN, the greatest Burlesque Orator of the day.
BOB HART, the celebrated Ethiopian Comedian
HARRY LESLIE, Fancy and Comic Dancer.
J. NEIL, Ethiopian Comedian.
F. SHAW, Extemporaneous and Comic Singer.
MONS. LA THORNE, in his great Cannon Ball Feats.
MONS. ORLANDE AND M'LLE CLARA,
Late of the Ravel Troupe and Niblo's Garden.
THE BALLET TROUPE.

M'LLE FLORA,	MARY BLAKE,
KATE HARRISON,	ANNIE HARRISON,
LIZZETTE KING,	NELLY GRAY,
EMMA SCBELL,	FANNY LEAR,
MARY FLORENCE,	M'LLE BARTON,
ELIZA FLORENCE,	MARY FORD,
LUCY DAVIS,	SUSAN FORD.
FANNY NEWKIRK,	HARRIOT FERLING,

Forming a combination of talent that cannot be equalled in the world, in a variety of
BALLET PANTOMIME OPERA,
Interspersed with Negro Extravaganzas.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.
MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.
45 tf F. VAN ALKER, Musical Director.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY
PEAK FAMILY,
VOCALISTS, HARPISTS, AND
SWISS BELL RINGERS
IN THE WORLD.
GRAND CONSOLIDATION OF THE SEPARATE COMPANIES,
Having re-organized and enlarged for their Annual Tour of 1861.
The following talent is now connected with this Troupe:—
W. PEAK, Sr., LISETTE M. PEAK,
MRS. W. PEAK, ANNIE PEAK,
WM. H. PEAK, MASTER EDDIE PEAK,
MRS. WM. H. PEAK, MASTER FRANK PEAK,
LEWIS M. PEAK.
They will start on their SIXTEENTH ANNUAL TOUR December 15th, visiting Ohio, New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine; and will appear in their new Swiss Costume, introducing their
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SILVER BELLS,
Imported expressly for this Company, and the only sett of SILVER BELLS ever manufactured.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

The Proprietors wish it distinctly understood that they are the Only Original Troupe of Bell Ringers now travelling under the name of the Peak Family, having been established since 1839, and during that time have visited all the principal towns and cities in the United States; have been travelling as two companies for the past two years, and now Consolidate, making one of the largest Concert Companies in the world. We wish to caution the public that no other Troupe have the right to announce themselves as the Peak Family.
W. & W. H. PEAK, Proprietors.
C. C. CHASE, Manager and Business Agent. 43-eow

UNEQUALLED AND INCOMPARABLE
DOUBLE TROUPE AND BRASS BAND.
EVERY MEMBER IS A STAR IN HIS OWN BUSINESS.
THE LARGEST, MOST TALENTED AND COMPLETE
MINSTREL TROUPE IN THE WORLD.
DUPREZ & GREEN'S ORIGINAL
NEW ORLEANS & METROPOLITAN OPERA TROUPE
AND MAMMOTH BRASS BAND,
Are performing through the Southern country, and meeting with the greatest success, during these hard and exciting times, on record. They have lately visited Mobile, Selma, Marion, Montgomery, Columbus, Macon, Atlanta, Madison, Athens, Augusta, Savannah and Charleston, and their houses have been crowded every night; in some instances they have been obliged to turn people away. At present the Company consists of the following gentlemen, which are the very flower of Ethiopian Artists:—

J. E. GREEN,	C. BOVEE,	E. N. SLOCUM,
MONS. C. LAVILLEE,	J. F. BOWLES,	J. H. CARLTON,
L. J. DONNELLY.	JOHN PRATT.	M. AINSLEY SCOTT,
MONS. G. LAVILLEE,	MASTER CHARLEY,	PETER DUPREZ,
NELSE SEYMOUR,	W. B. LAPOINT,	P. J. PRATT,
W. D. FRAZEE,	G. P. WRIGHT,	GEO. H. SURGENS,

And CHAS. H. DUPREZ.
They appear nightly in their grand and unapproachable Ethiopian entertainments, introducing the latest and best gems of Minstrelsy.
A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.—We would most respectfully inform our friends and patrons that for the past four years this Company has been under the management of Shorey, Duprez & Green, until the first of January, 1861. Owing to some private trouble, which has been brewing a long time, it was found necessary to effect a change in the Band for the future. Therefore we dissolved partnership on the 26th of December, 1860, at Baton Rouge, La., and re organized in New Orleans on the 28th December, only two days afterwards, under the present management. J. G. H. Shorey is not now connected in any way, shape or form, with this Troupe, and has no interest in the party whatever. Any debts contracted by the said Shorey will be on his own responsibility, and not the Company's, &c. DUPREZ & GREEN.
The Brass Band will give a grand serenade in front of the Hall each evening previous to opening the doors. For particulars, see programmes. Proprietors, DUPREZ & GREEN; Treasurer, GEORGE H. SURGENS; Business and Stage Manager, E. GREEN; Manager and Advertising Agent, CHAS. H. DUPREZ. 43 5t*

FOR SALE.—A KING'S DRESS, made of the best blue velvet, lined with fur, and trimmed with costly French lace; originally cost $800.
Also, one velvet Dress and Cape; eight costly silk and Satin Dresses, each one of which cost no less than $75, or $1400 the lot.
I am compelled to sell them for the low price of $150, and no less, to close an estate. It will pay any person from your city to give me a call, as such a sacrifice of theatrical clothing never has nor never will come under your or my notice again.
JACOB BENJAMIN,
45-2t* Corner of Gay and Harrison streets, Baltimore.

TO THE PUBLIC.—WHERE AND WHO ARE THE GLASS BLOWERS?—The only company of glass blowers that have any reputation as artists in that line, are the "Bohemian Troupe," now exhibiting every evening, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, at Musical Hall, Brooklyn, corner of Fulton and Orange streets, at which place they exhibited last season for seventeen consecutive weeks. This Company have on exhibition two low pressure steam engines, and one oscillating engine, all of which are made entirely of glass, and the only ones in the world ever made entirely from that material. As a guaranty of this fact, this company will pay the sum of $15,000 to any person or persons that can produce a duplicate specimen of either of the low pressure engines, and $1000 lars will be paid for a fac simile of any specimen of the art made by this well known troupe. This notice, and these rewards, are presented to public attention, as a caution against certain imposters, who are not satisfied with deceiving the public as to their own abilities, but must needs take unto themselves the name and fame of this, the only and original Bohemian troupe of glass workers. This company, composed of American and English artists, adopted the name—"Bohemian Troupe of Glass Workers"—from the fact that they, on their first organization, imported for the first time into the United States, those fine colors in glass which are so famed throughout the world, but through their exertions and scientific directions, the same is now manufactured by the New England Factory, East Cambridge, Mass. This scientific company is composed of the following artists:—G. A. Woodroffe, C. A. Woodroffe, W. Woodroffe, E Haggarty, C. H. Carling, and Mrs. G. A. Woodroffe. T. M. Barrows accompanies the Troupe as Pianist. E. Taft, Treasurer; C. H. Carling is Agent and Business Manager. 44-4t*

TO MANGERS AND ACTORS.—A true American Comedy to be disposed of. Apply to GOMA, at this office.

MANAGERS, LESSEES, &c., wishing to engage J. A. COLEMAN, Comedian and Comic Vocalist, will please address
42 4t* J. A. COLEMAN, Philadelphia P. O.

CARD.—In answer to frequent letters, Mr. Sothern begs to state that his engagement list is full to May next.
32-tf J. PONISI, Agent for Mr. S.

WILL JOHN W. ADAMS, Tenor Singer, send his address immediately to [45 2t] BRYANTS MINSTRELS.

BANJO AND JIG DANCING, taught by J. BOGAN, 142 Forsyth street, rear, at 50 cents per lesson.
Banjos superior to any made, constantly on hand. 45-1t*

BANJOS! BANJOS!! BANJOS!!!—Send $10 for one of Dobson's Celebrated Short Handle Banjos, acknowledged by the profession to be the best sound, and most easy to play upon. Is made strong, with ten hooks, brass rim, highly finished and well packed
45 1t* G. C. DOBSON, 150 Varick street, N. Y.

BURTIS' VARIETIES, BROCKLYN,
Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets.
ISAAC BURTIS.....Proprietor
B. L. PACKARD.....Treasurer
J. L. DAVIS.....Stage Manager
We still adhere to the old motto—
FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.
New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 45

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY
CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS
The only Company now in existence having any right to the name of "CHRISTY."
Will, prior to starting on their great Western Tour, perform in the immediate vicinity of New York city, commencing at the Brooklyn Athenæum, Tuesday, Feb. 19, 1861; thence to Newark, Jersey City, Morristown, Paterson, &c., &c.
The following well known artists are engaged with this Company:

DAN BOLT,	CHAS MELVILLE,
ANDREW MORRIS,	P. O. JENNINGS,
F. HOFFMAN,	A. SILBERBURG.
PROF. F. GOTZE,	GEO. CHILCOTHE,
MAST. FLORENCE,	G. B. BALDWIN,

W. A. CHRISTY.
Everything New, Original, and Unique.
45-tf FRANK ELLIOTT, Agent.

GERMAN VOLKS GARDEN.
45 BOWERY.
PALACE HALL CONCERT SALOON.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT,
FOR THE BEST AND CHEAPEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE CITY.
SINGING AND DANCING.
ACROBATIC PERFORMANCES.
NEGRO SONGS AND DANCES.
COMIC SONGS AND BURLESQUE.
GRAND BALLET AND PANTOMIME.
GRAND TIGHT ROPE ASCENSION.

BLONDIN.	RIVAL	BLONDIN.	
BLONDIN.		BLONDIN.	
BLONDIN.		BLONDIN.	
BLONDIN.		BLONDIN.	

IN MINIATURE.

SOMETHING NEW	45 BOWERY	SOMETHING NEW	
SOMETHING NEW	45 BOWERY	SOMETHING NEW	
SOMETHING NEW	45 BOWERY	SOMETHING NEW	

EUROPEAN STYLE IMITATED.
EUROPEAN STYLE IMITATED.

WAITER GIRLS	45	WAITER GIRLS
IN FANCY COSTUME.	BOWERY	IN FANCY COSTUME.

CROWDED EVERY NIGHT,
CROWDED EVERY NIGHT,
By a respectable class of Ladies and Gentlemen.
Ladies without Gentlemen, and Boys without Guardians,
ARE NOT ADMITTED.
Second week of
MISS ELLA WOOD,
MISS ELLA WOOD,
MISS ELLA WOOD,
The most fascinating and accomplished Lady Singer in the city.
Second week of the celebrated
PROFESSOR NICOLLS AND SON,
In their Renowned Classical Groupings,
In their Renowned Classical Groupings,
GRAND BALLET.
SIG. C. CONSTANTIN.....Ballet Master.
SIG. C. CONSTANTIN.....Ballet Master.
The Performance to conclude every evening with a
GRAND PANTOMIME.

Admission.....Six Cents	Reserved Seats....Twelve Cents		
Admission.....Six Cents	Reserved Seats....Twelve Cents		
Admission.....Six Cents	Reserved Seats....Twelve Cents		

Every Sunday Evening,
GRAND SACRED CONCERT.
Admission Twelve Cents.
Every Wednesday Evening,
FANCY DRESS BALL.
Tickets 25 cents.
ON MONDAY, FEB. 25, 1861,
Grand Complimentary Benefit to
JAMES LEWIS O'CONNOR,
On which occasion a new Pantomime,
THE FAIRY OF THE WHEAT SHEAF,
Will be given for the first time in New York. No pains will be spared to make this the best Pantomime ever performed in this establishment.
Admission 10 cents; Reserved Seats 25 cents. 45

THE GREAT CONGRESS OF ARTISTS.
LLOYD'S MINSTRELS,
FIFTEEN PERFORMERS.
COOL WHITE.....Stage Manager.
The public is respectfully informed that this
GREAT COMBINATION OF STARS,
Composed of the
ELITE OF THE PROFESSION,
Have completed their arrangements for giving a series of their
UNAPPROACHABLE ETHIOPIAN ENTERTAINMENTS
In all the principal cities of the United States, and will commence their Grand Tour on Monday, Feb 25th. In the repertoire of this Troupe will be found all the GEMS OF MINSTRELSY, together with many NEW AND ORIGINAL NOVELTIES.
Previous to the performance, every evening,
LLOYD'S BRASS BAND,
Led by AUGUST ASCHE, will give a FREE BALCONY CONCERT.
Observe the List of Artists:

BILLY BIRCH,	CHARLEY FOX,
D. S WAMBOLD,	AUGUST ASCHE,
GUSTAVE BIDAUX,	N. OEHL
J. ANDREWS,	A. BRIETKOPF,
H. WILKS,	C. BLASS,
A. LEHMANN,	J. EASTMEAD,
MAST. ALBERTINI,	W. BRUNS, and

COOL WHITE.
For particulars see Posters, Descriptive Bills, Pictorials, and Programmes.
The Company will perform at Newark, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Feb 25th, 26th, 27th; New Brunswick, 28th, and March 1st; Trenton, 2d; Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, one week, commencing Monday, March 4th.
Admission, 25 cents.
45 PHILO A. CLARK, Agent.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.
PORTSMOUTH, Va., Feb. 15th, 1861.
We, the undersigned members of the New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera Troupe, having read certain statements in the NEW YORK CLIPPER of the 16th, signed by John G. H. Shorey, do hereby inform the public, through your valuable sheet, that the said statements were false in every respect; and we moreover challenge Shorey to prove any such assertions before any justice of the peace in the country. In the first place, Mr. S says Mr. Chas. Duprez has been connected with this troupe for only about a year and a half, which is not so, as will be seen by Mr. Duprez' card in your paper of the 9th and 16th, that he has been associated as a partner and manager for the past four years. Secondly, Mr. Duprez now holds a note of Mr. Shorey's for $100, after giving him (Shorey) credit for over $100 for his (Shorey's) share of the bills remaining in the company, which now fully explains the cause of the company using bills with Shorey's name thereon. Thirdly, in Shorey's card he maintains that the members of the troupe agreed to play as far as Savannah for their board alone, which statement we did certainly make, but only in the way of a *ruse*, for the better purpose of deceiving Shorey and getting him entirely out of the concern, on account of his incapability as a performer or manager; and moreover, as every member here unto signed looked upon him as an unworthy scamp, and not a fit associate for a genteel and respectable party of minstrels. The *ruse* above mentioned worked to a charm, and after a short lapse we heard the joyful tidings that the troupe was disbanded, and Shorey had no longer the power of manager. Messrs. Duprez & Green then came to each member of the former company and engaged them at their regular salaries, to travel with the newly organized New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera Troupe and Brass Band, which was then forming for a trip through the North and East. All the old members, with the exception of Shorey, were engaged, and since that day everything has passed agreeably and pleasantly. Hoping this may be satisfactory to our patrons and the public, we will now conclude by mentioning the following circumstances:—While we were at Columbus, Ga., Shorey came through ahead of the company, having in his possession a number of bills, which he put up in hotels, depots, &c., representing himself as agent, and by this piece of villany managed to borrow money, ride free over railroads, and otherwise swindle people to quite an amount of dollars and cents. Several of his debts were in the hands of officers, and our gentlemanly managers paid them sooner than have any difficulty. This is the first and only time we have ever said anything against Mr. Shorey, and will be the last, unless he should communicate anything farther on the subject, when we will open our full battery and give the public all we know concerning this man.

Signed,

E. N. SLOCUM,	CHARLES BOVEE,	G. LAVALLEE,
C. LAVALEE,	WM D FRAZEE,	M. AINSLEY SCOTT,
FRANK BOWLES,	JOHN PRATT.	L. J DONNELLY,
P. J. PRATT,	PETER DUPREZ,	JAS. H. CARLETON,
	GEORGE H. SURGENS.	

CARD.—PORTSMOUTH Va., Feb. 15, 1861.—FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir*: I was engaged by Messrs. Duprez & Green, at New Orleans, on Dec. 30, 1860, to travel with their newly organized Band, entitled the New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera Troupe. I am happy to state that I am pleased with the Company, and receive my salary regularly each week. I also wish to inform you that I have been an eye witness to other members of the troupe receiving their pay for services, and deny the statement of John Shorey, in which he intimates that this troupe were working for their board.
45 Your obedient servant, NELSE SEYMOUR.

ELIJAH NEWMAN, also known as "OLD NEWMAN," negro minstrel, sword swallower, &c., is enquired for by his sister, Ophelia Clendinning, of St. Louis, Mo. When last heard from by her, he was travelling through Virginia. If he, or any one knowing his whereabouts, will communicate with the lady, they will confer a favor. 45 1t

---

J. W. BASSETT'S address is inquired for. He was formerly property man of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. 45

☞ We have letters for Miss Elise De Courcy, (from the Isle of Man), Ossian E. Dodge, R. B. Buck, Billy Birch, Geo. N. Christy, Wm. Scott of Wood's Minstrels, R. H Thompson Woods Minstrels.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Feb 18 1861.

An "irrepressible conflict" is impending between the theatres and what they term "illegitimate places of amusement," otherwise known as concert saloons and halls of minstrelsy. Our concert halls have become fixed facts, and their managers, or at least a portion of them, seem equal to the emergency, and let no talent escape them when money can command their services. The theatres feel the effects of these cheap places of amusement, and scarce know how to trim their sails to catch a favoring breeze. When first these establishments came into favor, it was somewhat difficult to procure the necessary talent to make them attractive; singers, dancers, and other artistes, of repute, entertaining an opinion that to exhibit in a "common concert saloon" would injure their future prospects; those of a lesser grade in the profession, and having but little opportunity for advancing themselves except by accepting engagements in a trifling capacity in theatres—to take part in the *ballet*, or chorus, where they were generally compelled to stick—saw a new field of operations opened before them, and they at once accepted situations in the then new institution, some appearing as dancers, others as singers, and many in divers other lines of business. The entertainments being of a varied and pleasing character, where one could drop in and while away an hour or so quite pleasantly, the concert hall came rapidly into favor, and the manager saw a "big thing" in it. Money poured into the manager's treasury, and he "could see it." With the increase of business, it became necessary to add to the forces of the company, both in numbers and in talent. With the success of one institution, others sprung up, and all "available talent" was seized upon with avidity. Then began a rivalry, each manager striving to secure the best performers. The scarcity of the "article," made it the more valuable, and those already "broken in," seeing how matters stood, "struck for high wages," and "they got 'em," the best offer securing the best talent. Some third and fourth rate singers and dancers were paid "big salaries," and all went on as systematically as the skinning of eels in the hands of a professional skinner. With the increase of business in concert amusements, trade began to fall off to a certain extent in the walks of the "legitimate drama," and the salaries of "legitimate" actors and actresses felt a corresponding depression. Improvements in the "halls of minstrelsy," and in the *mise en scene*, as the Bohemians express it, were being made, and the attendance at these social meetings became as "highly respectable" as at any other place of amusement, "legitimates" included. All over the country the new institution was making rapid headway, in some places the theatres being compelled to close up entirely, or were converted into "concert halls." Singers and dancers of "acknowledged talent" were much sought after, and the offer of "big terms" began to work its way into the green room, where those who were not *too* green, thought the matter over in their minds, and began to look upon the saloon business in another light. It was not so bad, after all. The performers did no more nor no worse than those upon the regular boards, and the pay, as a general thing, was much better; while "sals" in the regular "bis" were growing infinitely less, and still smaller by degrees. Now, one would accept a tempting offer, cross the lines, and become initiated in the new order of things. A "higher order of talent" now began to show in the saloons, and with its gradual development, and the still tempting salaries, the forces increased, until "stars," whose lights were burning dimly in the outer firmament, commenced to cast their dials concertward, and express themselves ready to "negotiate." So it went on, now and then, however, an unprincipled manager getting into the business, and injuring the character of the entire entertainment. Such fellows soon found their level, and were quickly obliged to leave the ranks. Within the last year some magnificent halls have been fitted up, and talent of the first order engaged, such as could give a first class entertainment. In California, several theatrical and operatic stars, unable to withstand the flattering terms offered them, have been performing and singing in concert saloons and melodeons. In one, in San Francisco, Madame Biscaccianti—well known in operatic circles here and elsewhere—has been singing for some time past, receiving a salary, we understand, of $200 per week. In this city, Sam Cowell has been giving his comicalities at the Canterbury Hall, at a salary, we believe, of $125 per week. Blondin has been rope walking at the same establishment, for $60, and so on the salaries range down to $10. At Concert Hall, 444 Broadway, Billy O'Neil, a celebrated Irish comedian, has been the recipient of a large salary, and Sallie Bishop, and others have been equally well paid. So, also, on the Bowery side of the city, where the managers of Volks Garden Palace Hall pay exceedingly well for superior performers. In Philadelphia, Frank Rivers has given employment to nearly 100 performers nightly, paying salaries ranging from six dollars per week up to $60, according to merit. Frank was one of the pioneers in the business, and started the Melodeon in this city, which, while under his management, far eclipsed all other similar places of amusement. His Melodeon in Philadelphia is doing a thriving business, and some beautiful *ballets*, pantomimic, and spectacular pieces are now produced, in addition to the usual budget of songs, dances, eccentricities, etc. The same may be said of American Concert Hall, in this City, which is conducted on a scale of liberality which never fails to redound to the right side of Mr. Butler's balance sheet. Has the reader ever been in one of these saloons. If not, let him drop in and survey the scene. Good order is always maintained, and the entertainments offered are of such a varied character that one cannot fail to see or hear something that will please and amuse. The institution, properly managed, pays well; and as it gives employment to hundreds and thousands of persons who otherwise would be without employment, we say encourage the concert hall, and by your presence and good behavior seek to assist in elevating it, and maintaining it free from all objections. These places are conducted on a cheap scale of prices, ranging from six, ten, twelve, and fifteen cents, for ordinary seats, to 20, 25, 37, and 50 cents for choice places. Each act is complete in itself, and you can see a show lasting ten minutes, or one occupying four or five hours, as you may prefer. If the theatres hope to compete successfully with the concert hall, they must give us a greater variety than we have been accustomed to, and cheap rates must rule. There is not so much delicacy now in accepting concert engagements as heretofore. There is not that "odium" attached to the concert business as was formerly supposed to be the case. It has been found that "respectable actresses and actors" are as much respected in the "hall" as in the "theatre," providing they conduct themselves so as to deserve respect. Had it not been for the concert business there would be an immense deal of suffering in the profession. There *is* suffering, as it is; but it would have been greatly increased but for the new institution. Let managers of these places improve them as far as lies in their power; let them continue to maintain good order; to preserve to each spectator or auditor his rights, be he a sixpenny or a four shilling patron; show equal respect to the "dirty shirt philosopher," and the "young quill" of Avenue V. Concert managers hold a winning hand—they can profit by it if they will.

The past week has witnessed an improvement in business at almost every theatre, and with continuance of fair weather, the present bids fair to show equally cheering returns. On the 11th inst., at Winter Garden, Mr. Booth appeared as Shylock, to a poor house. Those who were present were well pleased with the young actor's rendition of the character of the "sordid Jew," many of them extolling it as a most excellent piece of acting, and equal to his Richelieu. The critics, as a general thing, praise it—few condemn. Mr. Booth repeated the character on the following evening, the 12th, and a good house rewarded the exertions of the actor; and the "mean cuss of a Jew" was shown up through the week, each performance adding to the reputation of the artist, and business closed the week with favorable returns. Mr. Booth's engagement was to have come to a conclusion on the 16th, but as appearances indicated that another week might be tacked on to advantage, Mr. Booth will remain until the 23d. This evening, he will appear as Iago, and will be supported by J. W. Wallack, Jr., as Othello. On the 19th, Booth as Othello, and Wallack as Iago. No doubt this extra meteoric display will fill the house while it continues. Charlotte Cushman commences on the 23d. What a glorious treat it would be could we have Booth, Wallack and Miss Cushman together, for a week or two. Eh? Would'nt it be jolly? Neo Forrest, Jack Scott, Josephine Clifton, and two or three other bright lights appeared once in conjunction for a brief spell. "By all the gods," my countrymen, "'twas worth a king's ransom" to witness such a performance. Booth, Wallack, and Cushman—what a trio! "What se'st ther," good Mister Manager.

As we walked out by the light of the moon, so gaily singing Dixie's tune, we came across a big illumination of Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels, at Niblo's Saloon. The time, Thursday evening; the occasion, King Cotton's benefit. We went early, and got a comfortable seat, which we could not have secured had we tarried by the roadside, as others did; for lo! as the time wore on apace, ye weary wayfarers on the great Broadway entered in at the portals of the hall, and ere the show commenced, the place was filled with a social gathering of the friends of the staple Cotton, of every political faith, ranging from hard shell secessionists up to soft shell Union savers. The entertainment was very pleasing, consisting of instrumental, vocal, and terpsichorean performances; but of all that "famed black band," Ben Cotton far outshone himself and all the others on that night. Johnny Duley, "t'other end" man, whom we had not seen before, gives evidence that he has the fun in him, and only needs the opportunity to develope himself. T Hayes, the new clog dancer, improves upon acquaintance. He dances with apparent ease, keeps good time, and performs with accuracy some very difficult steps. A gem of the programme was "Robin Ruff," a duet by Messrs. S. Campbell and Reeves—an old duett, to be sure, but none the less pleasing on that score. Both parts were exceedingly well given, and both singers were rewarded by earnest applause. Cotton himself, as we have said, was in his element that night, and gave much satisfaction—by his Ethiopian delineations—"and more too" His "Uncle Snow" is a clever performance, and fairly brought down the house on the night of his benefit. A burlesque dramatic scene was introduced, in which Messrs. Griffin, Duley and Howard appeared. We have seen it done much better But a "big thing" was the "bone solo," by Mr. Wm. Smith, a volunteer. We have never heard or seen anything in that line to equal it. He gave imitations of the snare drum, introducing the reveille, etc., etc., and performing almost impossible feats with his little "bunch of bones." Why does William hide his light under a bushel? Hooley & Campbell's company is well worthy of a visit. An excellent programme is offered this week.

Dion Bourcicault has an "evil eye" on our possessions, and threatens to make an irruption into the ranks of Laura Keene's present army of occupation. Dion is dyin' for talent, and not being able to find the "proper grade" on Albion's shore, he casteth a furtive glance toward a far off land, even unto the pestilential metropolis of the "Northern Confederation." First, Bourcicault made overtures to the famous Tom Baker, conductor of the orchestra at Laura Keene

lars. Their views not exactly harmonising, another interchange of notes became necessary, and the leader is now awaiting a response to his lines, which Dion will not be likely to stave off. Dion's next essay was Mr. Leeson, who is now playing "the devil" with Laura Keene's "Seven Sisters." Mr. Leeson received a note—it "breathed words that burn," for it spoke of a good thing for "Pluto." Leeson liked it—responded to the advances of the "arch enemy"—gave Laura "notice," and will leave for England on Saturday Feb. 23d, closing his performances at Miss Keene's establishment on the 20th, we understand.

The Old Bowery was occupied last week by Professor Anderson and his family, and a glorious week's business they did, the theatre being nightly filled. The prices of admission were reasonable, and the pit, in consequence, had its full quota of pea nut eaters, "black your boot" boys, and other *habitues*. The Professor will continue his performances this week, but as the east side folks require a change at least once a week, it is not likely that the "hypermetrical success" will continue. Last week, the Professor's entertainments somewhat interfered with the new theatre, showing bad policy on the part of the New Bowery Managers in renting out the old house, they holding both establishments at present.

On account of "unforeseen obstacles," the "combination of minstrels," alluded to in our last, did not come to pass. The Lloyd and Unsworth factions could not see their way sufficiently clear, and it was deemed advisable for each party to hoe their own row. Therefore, the proposed union was declared null and void. Lloyd is still busily engaged in getting his men together, and report has it that, since the secession of Unsworth, Billy Birch has been engaged in his stead. The other party will be known as Unsworth's Minstrels, the proprietorship being vested in Unsworth, Eugene, and Donniker. Each capital in his own special business, Donniker being a very fine violinist. The other two are too well known to require additional mention. They have made up their company, and expect to start out at an early day.

The houses were good throughout the week at Laura Keene's, and the "Seven Sisters" bids fair to hold its own for a little while longer. On the 11th, a new act was added, called "Uncle Sam's Magic Lantern," the present secession and Union troubles forming the subject for a series of very pretty tableaux, and a running commentary on matters and things. The subject is a very delicate one to handle, but Mr. Miles seems to have done as well with it as any one could well have done. On the first evening, there was little or no opposition or enthusiasm manifested; on the succeeding evening, portions of it were hissed, and portions applauded. Gradually the text was softened or tamed down, and with the exceptions of the slave auction, the new act goes off cleverly. We think it would be much better if the auction and constitution tableaux were omitted altogether. They do no good, and may be the means of creating unpleasant feelings, which all should now endeavor to guard against. Since the addition of the "Uncle Sam" act, portions of the original sketch have been cut out, and the piece is now a sort of "hash," with odds and ends of everything thrown in, to make a savory dish. We don't like the hash as well now as we did before these simple additions and subtractions took place. Since our last, a couple of Laura's "Sisters" have seceded, "for cause."

Rolla has given place to Jack Cade, at Niblo's, and the immense throngs which greeted Mr. Forrest during the earlier period of his engagement will again o'ercrowd the theatre to witness this great piece. Rolla was well liked, and could have been run for some time longer, but it was necessary to put on something to counteract the double star attraction at the Winter Garden; and so Jack Cade was the big trump saved for the purpose, and it will be played on Mr. F.'s nights throughout the week. Talking about big trumps, let us ask what has become of the play of "Oraloosa," which was formerly looked upon as one of Mr. Forrest's great performances. He has not given it in many, many years. Where is "Oraloosa?"

On Saturday evening last, we passed an hour agreeably at American Concert Hall, 444 Broadway. There is always something fresh to be seen or heard at this favorite hall, and the entertainments offered never fail to attract large audiences. On this occasion, the house was a jam; and this notwithstanding a severe storm of rain, hail, thunder and lightning set in at an early hour. It may not be amiss to enumerate the names of the different performers now engaged at this establishment. Let us begin with the ladies,—for without them all would be "vexation of spirit,"—but with them, "man's inhumanity to man" is eased of its rough edges. The list is as follows:—Miss Clara Harrington, ballad singer; Jenny Engle, ditto; Mille Flora, doing double duty as singer and dancer; Sallie J. Bishop, Kate Harrison, Lizetta King, Emma Schell, Mary Blake, Mary Florence, Eliza Florence, and Annie Harrison, all dancers; Charley White and R. Hart, Ethiopian delineators; Fred Shaw, comic vocalist; L. Simmons, banjo eccentricities; Harry Leslie, dancer; J. Neil, Essence of Old Virginny, etc.; in all a very fair company, comprising some really excellent talent. Billy Quinn was down on the programme, but as Billy did not "answer to the call," or "show cause," we took it for granted that Billy must have been laboring under the prevailing epidemic, or a "severe indisposition." Clara Harrington gives her songs in a confident manner, dresses well, and seems to have made herself a favorite in the first week of her engagement. Jenny Engle looked well, has a pleasing face, but was a little timid, it being her second appearance on the concert boards. The ballet is good, Misses Mille Flora, Sallie Bishop, and Emma Schell, being the most noticeable. There was no end to the fun created by White and Hart in their several acts; they are both deserved favorites at this house; as is likewise L. Simmons, whose banjo song of "Canaan" was heartily encored. Fred Shaw sang "Billy Barlow," introducing many happy hits at the times. It is a jolly good song, and Shaw gives it in style. We designed seeing the show through, but the crowded state of the box in which we took up our quarters compelled us to leave at an early hour.

Harry Chapman, late of the Louisville, Ky., Theatre, arrived in this city last week, and purposes remaining here for a time. Those having business with him can address him in our care. Mr. Chapman is well spoken of by our Southern and Western contemporaries.

Another succession of crowded houses greeted Bryants' Minstrels last week. This week, as an offset to the tragedy being played by Forrest at Niblo's, the Bryants will produce a burlesque called Jack Cade. This is the last week of the engagement of Wambold, the ballad singer. Percy remains there, with the rest of the forces.

The new pantomime of "Jack the Giant Killer" was withdrawn from the stage of the New Bowery last week, in consequence of a deeply afflicting bereavement in the family of Mr. G. L. Fox, one of the managers. On the morning of Tuesday, Feb. 12 Emily Caroline, the only child of Mr. Fox, died at his residence in this city, aged 13 years and five months. The remains were taken to Cambridge, Mass., for interment, on the 13th inst. The afflicted parents have the sympathies of a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances in this their deeply sad and painful loss. This evening the pantomime will be reproduced, but the manager will have a heavy heart while endeavoring to amuse his patrons.

In our last we noticed the serious accident which happened to Miss Hattie James, (a singer at the Gaieties Concert Saloon,) by her dress taking fire from the unprotected foot lights on the stage of that establishment. The injuries she received were more severe than was at the time apprehended. The accident took place on Friday evening, 8th, and she lingered until Saturday morning, 16th, when death put an end to her sufferings. The funeral took place from her mother's residence, No. 164 Mott street, on the 17th. Her real name was Sarah Lewis. She was 16 years of age, and a native of Canada.

The English Opera Company made a fine beginning at Niblo's, on the 12th, 14th, and 16th. The attendance was good for the off nights, and as the merits of the troupe become better known, the business will no doubt increase. This week, we are to have the "Bohemian Girl," with the following cast:—Arline, (her first appearance in the character,) Mad. Anna Bishop; Devilshoof, Mr. Aynsley Cook; Thaddeus, D. Miranda; Florestine, Brookhouse Bowler; Count Arnheim, Mr. Gonzalez.

The Italian Opera at the Academy, did well last week with the "Masquerade Ball," which is pronounced a success. It is to be repeated this evening; and on the 19th, will be given at the Brooklyn Academy, "dances" and all, included.

The "Woman in White," dramatised by G. L. Aikin, is the attraction in the lecture room of the Museum this week. Herr Driesbach continues his performances with the bears; and the double-voiced woman, with the Black Sea Lion, the What Is It?, and other curiosities, make up a show well worth 25 cents to witness.

On Monday last we made a short call at the Gaieties Concert Saloon, No. 616 Broadway, and for the information of our city and country friends who have neglected to visit this notable resort, we report what is to be seen there. In the first place, a slight description of the place may not be amiss:—The hall is reached by a flight of steps leading to the second story, and on the walls are rough charcoal sketches of *nymphs de danse*, with enormous understandings and more than the allotted share of breastworks; having reached the top and secured a ticket, by a gentle pull of the green baize, the entrance is effected, and a back seat taken, the whole front, or three-fourths being set apart for orchestra stalls. The room is about 70 feet long and 30 broad, with two rows of tables, and on each side, seats arranged against the walls, which sadly need retouching; there is also a gallery overhead, flanked at each end with stalls, called private boxes, for which half a dollar has to be forked over, but these are not very extensively patronised. About 300 might possibly be crammed in, but perhaps half that number were present, composed principally of store-clerks, young bloods, verdant greens, and the regular hangers-on, or clique who do the encoring. The company numbers nine, all told, four of whom are of the gentler sex, and five of the sterner species. The orchestra is a trio, viz.: piano, violin and bugle. Miss Cecilia Morley, vocalist, is a tall and pale-looking lady, a very fair singer, but lacking spirit and energy; she sings four times each evening, as "Lonely and Sad," "'Twas within a Mile," "Natalie," and "Happy Dreams Return Again," this being the last song composed by the lamented J. H. Collins, formerly of Rumsey & Newcomb's troupe: it is a sad, heart-touching melody, and was well rendered by the equally sad Cecilia. She was the recipient of a square package of something looking like envelopes, but we are not prepared to vouch that they were so. Mdlle. Leonard did the Irish Lilt and Tamborine Dance to the delight of the countrymen; Miss Fanny Thompson, the Tyrolean, La Mandolin, and a Scotch Medley; and Lizzy Walby, (a fair haired, modest little lady) a Polka, Cracovienne Medley, and Hornpipe. The three graces also figure in La Corsair, Tambor Major Jig, and a Walk Around! According to the bills, the principal singer is Ed Berry, but either Berry's changed wonderfully since his last appearance, or he's not there at all. A man named Connor (or his ghost) was supposed to be Berry, and gave some very clever and forcible Irish comic songs in a dashing, off-hand manner, and was frequently called out again. Picayune Butler handles the bones and banjo very fine, and there was a time, (years ago though) when the old familiar "Picayune Butler's coming to Town" used to have a thrilling effect. He may be as good as ever, but had he still held on to the legitimate minstrel troupes, he would be a hundredfold more respected. That's so, Pic! George Winship (big name that) has all the dancing to himself, and tries Bob Ridley, Hop light Loo, and others, but hasn't originality enough to gain a speciality, nor does he compare with Charley White in the former, or Simmons in the latter—not by a darned sight. Billy Bell, the best singer of the three, only appears once alone, and that once he sings the lamentations of a robin swallowed by a grimalkin—a difficult chant, yet very well done. Bell is good; he's first-rate, and a little more. Bell would improve things considerably. Music Lesson, Power of Mesmerism, Darkies' Quarrel, and Backwood Echoes are the by-pieces for the negro comedians. The other man is Mons. Gregoire, the chap that travels on his muscle, and the same who made the tour with our champion, Heenan; his feats have been so often described, he having been performing in this city, off and on, for over eight years, that remarks are superfluous. The great feature of this establishment, however, according to the advertisements and the manager's ideas, are the "Pretty Waiter Girls," of whom there are at least a dozen. These are made to give precedence, and completely overshadow the performers, who are forced to play second fiddle by the monotonous repetition of this hobby.

A joint complimentary testimonial was tendered to J. M. Williams and H. W. Beers, at Dramatic Hall, Houston street, on the 14th inst.

The new drama entitled "Central Park, or the House with Two Doors," was produced at Wallack's Theatre, on the 13th, to a full house, and repeated on the two following evenings. It is one of those "successes" which do not hold the stage for any length of time. The "friends of the author," who were present in strong force at the initial performance, gave such unmistakable tokens that it was a "good thing," that Mr. Lester, in the enthusiasm of the moment, boldly avowed himself as the author. The *Tribune*, the next day, denounced the drama in strong terms, and the other papers come to the conclusion that it is a "serio-comic" drama, and speak of it as kindly as the circumstances will permit. Mrs. Hoey is not in the cast. Why?

On the 14th inst., Prof. A. S. Brady gave an exhibition at the National Guard Gymnasium, No. 20 St. Mark's place, where a lecture on the Aesthetics of the Gymnasium was delivered by Mr. S. Wallace Cone, a gentleman of literary and political antecedents in this city. The exhibition was repeated on the evening of the 16th, with the full band of the National Guards in attendance.

The name of Mlle. Maria Scheller is up for a benefit at the Stadt Theatre, on the 20th inst., when a translation from one of Alexander Dumas' plays will be presented. As rendered in our vernacular, it is known as "Richard Darlington, or the Life of a Politician." Mlle. Scheller appears as the heroine—a character which, it seems, is well adapted to her talents. The piece in question has made a great impression under different titles, and will be remembered in connection with Miss Davenport, as "The Patrician's Daughter," which is as near the piece to be acted at the Stadt, on the 20th, as a translation can bring it.

If you wish to see some amusing tricks, combined with magnificent scenery and startling effects, witness the new pantomime now being performed at the New Bowery. It is generally conceded to be one of the best pantomimes ever concocted, and has been placed upon the stage without regard to expense.

"Lloyd's Minstrels" have effected an organization, and will commence their tour on Monday next, 25th inst., at Newark, N. J., performing there three evenings; thence to New Brunswick, Trenton, etc., to Philadelphia, where they open at Musical Fund Hall, on the 4th of March. The band, as now perfected, comprises the following named performers:—Billy Birch, Charley Fox, Cool White, D. S. Wambold, August Asche, Gustave Bidaux, N. Oehl, J. Andrews, A. Brietkopt, H. Wilks, C. Blass, A. Lehmann, J. Eastmead, Master Albertini, and W. Bruns. This is certainly a strong team, with two of the best end men in the business—Fox and Birch—and a middle man, or interlocutor, in Cool White, who is unsurpassed in that position. As ballad singer, D. S. Wambold holds a high position. There are several other performers of repute in the business, and all combined make a really good company.

We have been informed that O. A. Searles, singer and dancer at several of our Broadway Concert Saloons, died in this city about ten days ago, of consumption. He last performed at American Concert Hall, 444 Broadway.

By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that "Christy's Minstrels" will perform in this vicinity during the week. The company consists of W. A. Christy, Dan Holt, C. Melville, A. Morris, P. O. Jennings, F. Hoffman, A. Silberburg; Prof. F. Gotze, Geo. Chilcothe, Master Florence, and G. B. Baldwin.

Volk's Garden, 45 Bowery, announces the second week of Miss Ella Wood, Prof. Nicholls and sons, and others. The "little Blondin" is also here giving extraordinary rope performances. This is a cheap exhibition, and orderly conducted.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

In Brooklyn, "Burtis' Varieties" continue to do a splendid business, and several novelties are introduced there not to be seen elsewhere. The only trouble is, the hall seems scarce large enough to accommodate the many who seek admittance. On the 16th, an immense throng was present.

Dixey and Carncross will remain with Sanford, in Philadelphia, 'rumor to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Wood's Minstrels (Sylvester Bleecker, manager) were in Toronto, Canada, last week, where J. W. Beyer, tenor, rejoined the party. They will continue in Toronto a portion of this week, and leave for the West on the 22d. Beyer experienced great difficulty in reaching Toronto, as the team by which he crossed the ice from Cape Vincent, N. Y., to Kingston, broke through twice, while travelling eleven miles. The agent of Wood's Minstrels is John F. Birch, brother of the celebrated Billy Birch.

The Bohemian Glass Blowers are doing an immense business at Musical Hall, Brooklyn. Their entertainments, which are at once novel and instructive, are made still more interesting from the fact that prizes are given away at each exhibition, some of them being valued at $100. There is a strong turn out of the fair sex to see the show, and take the chances for a prize.

At the Green Street Concert Hall, late Green Street Theatre, Albany, the following company are performing:—Mons. Edmond La Pierre, L'Echelle Perileuse, etc.; Miss L. Lamount, vocalist; Master E. Champion, singer and dancer; Lewis, English and Holt, comic trio; Miss Chapman, danseuse; J. Campbell, Master Dan Bryant, etc. On the 11th, the Mayor and chief constable of the city visited the hall to witness Mons. La Pierre's performances.

The Union Circus, under the management of Sam Weaver, was performing at Freeport, Ill., last week. Among the company we find Hiram Marks, master of the circle; P. H. Seaman, Yankee clown; Tom Burgess, Southern clown; the Williams Brothers and Henry Gardiner, double summersault throwers. As a novelty likely to "take" in these times, they recently got up a secession burlesque, which is spoken of as a right merry affair. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has also been given, with Seaman as the uncle and Mrs. Seaman as Topsy. The company would be stationary at Freeport for a time. Meanwhile, a new circus for the Unions would be erected, with wagons and other indispensable aids. In the course of the year the company will travel through Minnesota.

Mrs. T. F. Deeming sang at Freeport, Ill., last week.

At the Mobile Theatre the "Old Plantation" seceded on the 1st. It was produced for the last time on the occasion of the author's benefit, who played Rolla in "Pizarro," and Uncle Tom in the "Old Plantation." On Wednesday, the 6th inst., Barney Williams and wife played one night, on their way to St. Louis; they are immense favorites there. On Wednesday, another of Jamison's plays was produced, entitled "Iva, or Love's Victory," in 5 acts. Messrs. E. R. Dalton, J. B. Curran, J. P. Winters, Jr., Geo. Holland, and Annie Senter were in the cast. On Thursday, 7th, Geo. Holland was the recipient of a benefit, which must have netted a neat sum, judging from the large and fashionable audience assembled. "All that Glitters," and "A Day after the Fair," interspersed with singing and dancing, constituted the bill. Mr. Duffield's song of "Trust to Luck, Alabama," (a new version of an old song) was enthusiastically encored.

W. B. Cavanagh, the original "Old Gray Mare," is singing at Burtis' Varieties, in Brooklyn. He travels next season as Shakespearean clown with Bayley & Co.'s Circus.

John W. Adams, tenor singer, is requested to send his address, immediately, to Bryants' Minstrels, New York.

Miss Joey Gougenheim will commence an engagement at the Washington, D. C., Theatre, on Wednesday evening, 20th inst., to continue for two weeks.

W. C. Coup and George S. Cole arrived in Philadelphia last week, on their return from Port au Prince, Hayti, where they had been with an exhibition of "wax figgers." They showed two weeks, with middling success, and then sold out to a resident of the place. President Geffrard paid them $200 to exhibit the last day free, for the benefit of those unable to pay. Messrs. Cole and Coup were to leave Philadelphia for Delawan, Wisconsin, there to await the opening of the spring business.

Julia Dean has been doing well in California. She contemplated remaining there two months longer.....Maguire's Dramatic Company were again occupying the stage of the Opera House at San Francisco. The forces consist of Messrs. H. A. Perry, W. M. Lemon, J. Grosvenor, T. Franks, Chase, B. Booth, Wm. Barry, Geo. Waldron, White, Macklin; Miss Sophie Edwin, Mrs. C. R. Saunders, (late Mrs. P. Thoman,) Mrs. Woodward, Miss A. Land, Miss Jennie Mandeville, Miss Fredericks, Mrs. Vernon, Miss L. Paulin.....At Gilbert's Melodeon, Mr. and Mrs. H. Courtaine were still the cards of attraction. The balance of the troupe comprised Miss Ada De Vere, (of the London Theatres) Emma Howard, Rosina Shaw, Nora Rosa, Mrs. Thayer, Miss Edwards, G. H. Coes, H. Coad, G. Collins, F. Dumaille, F. Edwards, Mr. Oldfield, Mr. Williams, Mr. Trast.....At the New National Theatre the company consisted of the Misses Belle Devine, Annette Irwin, Augusta Williams, Clara Dean, Tom Darling, Dan Watson, Miss Lizzie Gordon, Mary Chapman; Mr. Frank Mayo, Mrs. Coe, A. P. Durand, E. L. Harvey, J. McFarland, J. Annereau, F. Burradge, Mr. Woodhull, Sam Lathrop, H. Heyman, Sig. Gavardo, H. King, F. Fansen, and D. Anderson. Also, the American acrobats, A. P. Durand and Gustavus.....At the Bella Union, the troupe was composed of Mme. Eliza Biscaccianti, Mr. and Mrs. G. Chapmsn, Miss Caroline Chapman, and Mlle. Minnie, Miss Marian Lee, Miss Carrie Howard, Miss Ellie Martell, Mr. W. H. Hamilton, Mr. J. W. Connor, Mr. W. E. Stephenson, and Mr. J. H. O'Neil.

On the 11th inst., at the St. Louis Theatre, for the first time in nine years, Barney Williams and wife appeared before one of the most fashionable and discriminating audiences of the season. Barney, in a neat speech at the close of the first piece, told the audience that he and his wife had spent the three previous days and nights in the cars, journeying from New Orleans; that he had a severe cold; that during his stay many *new* novelties would be produced, &c., &c. Barney draws well—fills the theatre—and no doubt an overflowing treasury will warm the cockles of the manager's heart in a way most comfortable to him. Whether Barney, as an Irishman, and Mrs. Barney as a Yankee Gal, are any better than they were years ago, it would perhaps not be deemed orthodox to inquire, says our correspondent "Seneca;" "but it does seem that some others in the same line will yet outstrip them. Still we have to thank them for a more perfect abandon to mirth than we have felt for years."

The Dr. Kane Panorama is still at the St. Louis Museum, with the "Original" Dr. Kane flag, and that same Esquimaux "Dorg" we have seen so often. They are doing so so.

The Melodeon, St. Louis, flourishes under its popular management, and low scale of prices.

Among the recent deaths connected with the profession of art, is that of Mr. W. Tassie, a gentleman celebrated as a modeller, and perhaps, more so, as the winner of the great Shakespeare Boydell Lottery. It is worthy of remark, that the ticket by which Mr. Tassie became the fortunate possessor of the Boydell Gallery of Pictures was obtained through mere accident. A gentleman called at Mr. Tassie's shop in Leicester Square, London, and mentioning the lottery to him, inquired if he had purchased a ticket. Finding that he had not done so, this gentleman offered Mr. Tassie his own (or one of them), which Mr. Tassie took, paying his guinea. This ticket turned out to be the prize number; consequently, Mr. Tassie became possessed of the property, which is stated to have realised in three days' sale, £6,181 18s. 6d.; in addition to which was the lease of the gallery, sold to the British Institution for £4,500—altogether, £10,681 18s. 6d. Mr. Tassie died during the last month, in London, at the ripe age of eighty-three.

We append an extract from the report of a debate that took place recently, relative to the taxing of shows in South Carolina. It will be found to be of an extraordinary character, and to exemplify in a striking degree, a combination of gross ignorance and injustice on the part of certain "Solons" in authority. But before we give the extract in question, and that we may the more strongly indicate the lack of fair play of which the showman has been the victim, and is still likely to be, we may perhaps be allowed to refer to the inequality of a vexatious burthen on the providers of a truly popular amusement. Letting the disparity so manifest between a theatric tax of $1 and a show tax of $20 per night (the latter, be it remembered, only a modification of the usual $100 tax) rest for awhile, we cannot help remarking on the crushing weight of the demand upon the proprietors of our shows. Last year, P. Antonio (of the Brothers Antonio) paid $38 for a day license in the rural districts of a county, and $50 for the same in a city! This was in Kentucky, and in neighborhoods containing only sparse populations. So much for the enormity of the tax. Now, mark its inequality, as shown in the case of St. Louis, Mo., a city containing 200,000 inhabitants, and where a show license for one month can be had for $25—an average certainly more near reason than even what is called the "liberal sentiment" in South Carolina seems willing to extend to our show proprietors there. We now append the extract promised:—"In a debate upon the amount of license to be levied upon the various descriptions of shows which may visit South Carolina there were conflicting opinions. The liberal sentiment, however, prevailed, and in furtherance of the view of raising supplies, the majority were correct, for a heavy license is the next thing to a prohibition. Here is an account of the proceedings:—

On reading the clause pertaining to the licensing of shows, &c., Mr. Allen said, I move to strike out $100, and insert $10, as the tax per day on circuses.

Mr. Cannon—These circus men are dangerous people, and we should tax them highly.

Mr. Allen—I think circuses advance education. They are elevating in their tendencies. They are recreations for the people. I think they exert beneficial influences and should be encouraged. I have seen five thousand people at a circus in this city, and have seen as many in Barnwell.

Mr. Mazyck—This bill is to raise supplies. If we make the tax $100, none will ever come here. Our object will be defeated. If we make them pay a moderate tax, they will put money into the treasury.

Mr. McAliley moved to substitute $20 as the tax on circuses per day. He also thought circuses had a beneficial influence. Agreed to.

Mr. Allen then moved to cut down the tax on theatres, &c., to $1 per night.

Mr. Moses—I think that is right. I think we should exempt the permanent theatres. I think theatres improve the people. They keep young men out of worse places.

The tax on theatres was cut down to $1 per night.

Mr. Allen moved to cut down the tax on negro minstrels, and to charge them $5 per night, and to charge $10 on wax figures.

Mr. Palmer—I think we should favor wax figures. I want to see General Scott down here sometimes, and I do not think I shall have a chance to do so unless he comes down in this shape. [Laughter.]

Mr. Moses thought there should be no discrimination between wax figures and negro minstrels. He thought the negro minstrels should be taxed for exhibition. They made dirty puns, and said things the people should not hear. But circuses, he thought, belonged to the country. The horses were fine. They do not speak, but something entertaining can be had by looking at them. The dirty negro minstrel, however, was no good to any one.

Mr. Allen—I am in favor of the negro minstrel, and think he should be protected. [Laughter.]

Mr Wilson—I would like to know the difference between the dirty clown and the negro minstrel? The gentleman [Mr. Moses] would license the clown in his vulgarity, yet would restrain the negro minstrel.

The amendment of Mr. Allen was agreed to."

At present, we have not the space to dilate on these particulars as we should desire to do; but the good sense of the reader will, we trust, suggest what we might have said. We cannot, however, conclude without asking, in the name of all that is reasonable, why, in South Carolina, the tax on a show should be twenty fold what it is on a theatre? At the same time, we are anxious that, in places where the iniquitous $160 is yet tolerated (some of them containing not more than the same number of inhabitants), attention may be drawn to the subject, and a reduction be made. "Live and let live" is a good maxim. We should like to see it carried out so far as regards our showmen, to whom the community at large is indebted for much of harmless pastime and amusement.

The Paris *Moniteur* publishes a plan of the site of the new Opera House, in the French capital, together with a notice that the work is thrown open to public competition. The lyric theatre is to stand in the midst of a large space, and will have no building within sixty feet of it. Its facade will be in view of the Boulevard, and not more than 50 or 60 yards' distance. The theatre is to contain from 1800 to 2000 persons; the length from the back of the boxes to the proscenium, to be about 60 feet. The stage is to be capable of holding about 400 persons; its width is 45 feet, and its depth 104. The total length of the building—which is to include not only the theatre, but all its accessories—is to be 490 feet by 228. The grand hotel of the Opera is to be built between the new theatre and the Boulevard; it will cover about 8000 square yards of ground, and contain 600 bedrooms, besides saloons, dining rooms, and every other feature of a hotel.

There is shortly to be opened in Baltimore a first class varieties theatre; or, more particularly, a *bijou* concert hall; it is to be located under the Continental (new) Hotel, adjoining the Holliday Street Theatre. The management contemplate providing a *recherche* series of entertainments adapted peculiarly to the tastes of Baltimoreans, and also calculated to please the vast number of Southern strangers who continually visit the Southern metropolis. The hall will contain in the centre a beautiful fountain and aquarium; will be heated by steam pipes, and the walls and ceiling tastefully decorated with fresco and ornamental work, by the same artists who received immense credit for their work upon the various chambers and committee rooms of the National Capitol. The cost of the paintings is fixed at $1100. It is the design of the management to engage the best obtainable *artistes*, and give to their audiences an entertainment at the same time pleasing and modest. The hall, together with the hotel, is under the proprietorship of Mr. Wm. Ellinger, who has secured for his manager Mr. Albert Cassedy.

Recently, a notorious madman applied to one of the London magistrates, for a warrant against Mr. Benjamin Webster, Master of the Dramatic College, for refusing him a ticket of admission to a ball, given in support of the funds of the institution, without the preliminary production of a voucher. The enraged gentleman declaimed very violently, and said that if his "valuable time" was not paid for, and the wrong inflicted on him, as a "true born Briton," was not explained, he would "bring over the Emperor Napoleon to right him." He had a huge book of Acts of Parliament to endorse him, but as the magistrates' time was valuable, those worthies politely declined to hear the enraged man further.

We have items of theatrical news from Australia, to the 27th of November, which we append:—Mr. G. V. Brooke was still at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, where he had been acting in the "legitimate," aided by a company spoken of as very good, and including Miss Avonia Jones, who is reported to have "taken" excellently, through her "fine voice, high tragic ambition, and uncommon fervor and personal attractions." Miss Mary Provost was also at the Royal, and had been playing Camille.....The Marsh juveniles were still at the Princess' Theatre.....At the Prince of Wales' Theatre, a Chinese dramatic company (the "Celestials") had commenced a series of performances, in describing which our Australian contemporaries seem at a loss for an adjective whereby properly to designate so extraordinary a mixture as these Orientals offer to them. Musical instruments, quite nondescript, orchestral accompaniments the most discordant, unearthly howlings, and bodily contortions (in the last of which, it is confessed, the performers displayed considerable talent) made up the programme. The exhibition had been quite successful, it is alleged. The theatre had also been devoted to some pugilistic displays.....The Hon. George Coppin, connected with both the legislative and executive branches of the Colonial government, and one of the pioneers of the drama in Australia, had appeared in a round of his popular characters at the Pantheon Theatre, situate in Cremorne Gardens—the occasion being devoted to charitable purposes.

CARD.—EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* In your issue of the 16th instant, I observe my name used by W. M. Fleming in a most slanderous and uncalled for manner. You will do me the justice to state that I made *no* communication to you whatever; I felt too disgusted with the man. As to his statement regarding myself, I pronounce him, in his own slang, a liar, a scoundrel, and a poltroon. I think the term drunkard would apply much better to himself. Let his company speak for themselves, and all those professional ladies and gentlemen who have had dealings with him, as to his honor and gentlemanly behavior. Were I disposed to enter into a paper altercation, I can imagine how W. M. Fleming would fee; but I will settle with the gentleman when we meet; for as he does not lack the qualification of a blackguard, I trust I shall find some man in him.

Troy, N. Y., Feb 13, 1861. Yours respectfully,
T. M. TYRRELL.

The third dramatic performance of the season, before Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle, took place, on the 17th of January. "Masks and Faces" was the play, and "My Wife's Mother" the after piece, with the following casts respectively—for the former: Sir Charles Pomander, Mr. A. Wigan; Mr. Ernest Vane, Mr. Billington; Colley Cibber, Mr. C. Selby; Quin, Mr. Barratt; Triplet, Mr. B. Webster; Lysimachus Triplet, Miss Craddock; Mr. Snarl, Mr. Stuart; Mr. Soaper, Mr. Bourne; James Bardock, Mr. R. Romer; Colander, Mr. Howard; Husdson, Mr. Smith; Coal Boy, Mr. Le Barr; Pompey, Master Craddock; Mrs. Vane, Miss C. Leclercq; Peggy Woffington, Mrs. Stirling; Kitty Clive, Mrs. Billington; Mrs. Triplet, Mrs. A. Wigan; Roxalana, Miss Hamilton; Maid, Miss Morris. The after piece.—Uncle Foozle, Mr. Emery; Felix Budd, Mr. Dewar; Edward Waverley, Mr. Ashley; Thomas, Mr. Belmore; Mrs. Quickfidget, Mrs. A. Wigan; Mrs. Ellen Budd, Miss Terry; Mrs. Fitz Osborne, Miss Herbert. Under the direction of Mr. W. B. Donne. Stage Manager, Mr. George Ellis. The theatre arranged, and the scenery painted by Mr. Thomas Grieve.

At the most recent dates, Madame La Grange was still at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin, where she had created a great sensation, in the opera of "Lucrezia Borgia."

Gazzaniga was achieving new fame in Lisbon, Portugal, in "Louisa Millet."

A new tenor, named Labut, had appeared in Paris, in the opera of "La Juive." With a voice scarcely inferior to that of Tamberlik, he is spoken of as much inferior to that artist, in musical science and dramatic energy.

A society had been formed in Berlin, for the purpose of performing the works of young composers who are unable to procure the opportunity of presenting the same upon the stage.

It is stated in the English newspapers, that Sims Reeves, the well-known tenor singer, receives £50 ($250) for each performance, whether on the stage or in the concert room. We must confess that we feel some hesitation in accepting this as the truth. But if Sims really receives such sums, all we can say is, that he is a lucky man.

The imperial family of France has shared in the growing partiality for private shows or theatricals, as appears from a little story now current, to the effect, that a few weeks since, the young heir to the throne (a boy not quite five years old) received his juvenile friends, all being in theatrical costume, even the musicians, who also were children. The son of the third Napoleon, we hear, insisted on dancing with the boy who played the flute, and perpetrated a trick of real pantomime, when solicited by his fair relative, the Princess Mathilde, to shake hands with her, by presenting his foot.

Miss Jennie Hight, a very pleasing danseuse, is said to be in the height of popularity at the Louisville Theatre.

"Signor Delmonico's Acrobatic, Gymnastic, Dramatic, and Pantomimic corps," are in Freeport, Ill. The company consists of P. Hessler, Madame Hessler, C. West, M. Hiram, Signor Gline, Ned Sliter, and Master Charlie.

The Florences brought out Lalla Rookh, at Chicago, on the 11th, and are said to have been rewarded with a $600 house. At the conclusion of their Chicago engagement, they go to Boston.

Miss Kimberly was in Troy, last week, playing the Octoroon. The Troy is now under the management of Messrs. Hall & Riggs, and the company consists of the following gentlemen and ladies:—Messrs. A. Balfour, T. M. Tyrrell, T. A. Hall, T. G. Riggs, J. B. Gourley, Harris, Heaney, Langrish, McDonough; Mrs. Salisbury; Misses Amy Frost, J. Cook, Green and Cappell.

Martenia & Co.'s Union Varieties were at Terre Haute, Ind., on the 7th, giving performances at 25 cents admission, and not ten cents, as had been reported. In the troupe, we find the names of Mons. Martenia, Mad. Martenia, Mr. T. Lathrop Fitch, Madame Eloise Fitch, Master Eddy, etc. Mr. Dudley, the manager of the concern, a wealthy gentleman, resident of Chicago, offers a challenge of $1000 to $5000, to any one in the profession, to produce the equal of Mons. Martenia as a wire performer, juggler, and ventriloquist.

Charles Dickens recently wrote a letter to the London *Times*, insisting on the legal right and power of an author to prevent the dramatic representation of any work of his. It is well known that "Boz" has always been at daggers drawn with the adapters of his novels, although, paradoxically enough, he has allowed the performance of one of his stories at a London theatre—for a "consideration," however.

Fred. Florance, the wench dancer, is in Boston, out of an engagement.

Duprez & Green's New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera Troupe performed at Tonlian Hall, Wilmington, N. C., on the 8th and 9th, to fine business; and opened at the New Opera House, Norfolk, Va., on the 11th, for four nights; 15th and 16th in Portsmouth, and 18th and 19th in Petersburg. Their first night's performance in Charleston, S. C., realized over $600.

Manager Ford, with his accustomed liberality, [when charity is in the case] has offered the use of his company and theatre for a benefit to the working men's fund of Baltimore, which is intended to assist mechanics out of employment in that city.

Wilson & Morris' Minstrels performed ten nights in Cleveland, Ohio, to good houses. R. Abecco, the tenor singer and harpist, has joined the troupe, and commences with them at Troy, N. Y., on the 18th. They will open at Wilson & Morris' Opera House, Boston, the latter part of March, for a season of three months. This company now contains some really excellent talent, who are preparing a budget of novelties which will surprise and interest the good people of Boston.

Reynold's Opera Troupe were at Lowell and Lawrence, Mass., last week. John Norton, of the old Norton Family, is with them. Mr. Norton talks of taking a company to California.

Tom Toole's Excelsior Varieties are to give an exhibition at Euterpa Hall, Alexandria, Va., this week, and then return to Washington, D. C. The following will be their western route on their secession from Washington, viz:—Little York, Harrisburg, Columbia, Lancaster, Gaitsville, and other stations to Pittsburgh; from there to Chicago; and then through Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, and Iowa. The Tooles consist of Mons. Joe Cook, Mrs. "Mons. Joe Cook," Mrs. Williams, Mr. Dan Williams, Master Willie, etc.

It is reported that John Brougham is hard at work on a new comedy, but we do not hear for which market it is intended—home or foreign.

A suit was recently brought into one of the English courts of law—the complaining and defending parties being a female vocalist and theatrical manager. Strange to say, the plea for damages was not based upon any breach of contract, but simply on the fact that the said manager did not cast the lady any parts, although he paid her all the while. We need scarcely add that the plea was rejected by the bench.

The Dowager Queen of Sweden recently died while present at a dramatic performance. She was the widow of Bernadotte, first a peasant, then a private soldier in the first Napoleon's army, and subsequently a peer and marshal of France, and king of the country of which his grand son is the present monarch.

CARD.—Troy, Feb. 14th 1861.—FRIEND QUEEN:—In looking over your little sheet this day, I noticed Mr. Fleming's letter—calling me a little blackguard. I beg leave to say I am no blackguard and never was. It is the first and only time the name has been applied to me. All I have to say, is, if I was within one hundred miles of Fleming, he would be the last man to say it; he is a liar in his heart. Fleming may be a very charitable man, but his charitable feelings would never allow him to keep me, or any other person, in his company, if they were not of use to him. I feel myself equal to Fleming in any thing (except villany), and when next I meet him, I'll prove myself his superior:—Mr. Tyrrell has been grossly belied by Fleming; his only fault in my opinion, is, that he did too much to forward the interests of the wretch who now traduces him! I wonder he didn't blush when he wrote the word drunkard, but he is beyond that, for I assert without the fear of contradiction that *he*, Fleming, was under the influence of liquor, every night he performed. I ask Mr. Fuller, his stage manager, (who is a worthy man) to deny it if he can; to say more at present is unnecessary. Yours, obediently, E. W. LANGRISH.

It appears that the Arch street The

I WUD KNOT DYE IN WINTUR.

Among the many attempts at the humorous, by means of false spelling or pronunciation, which have become so fashionable of late, we know of few more successful than the following, the poetic embodiment of the "feelinks" of a gentleman who "Wud Knot Dye at All," if he could help it:—

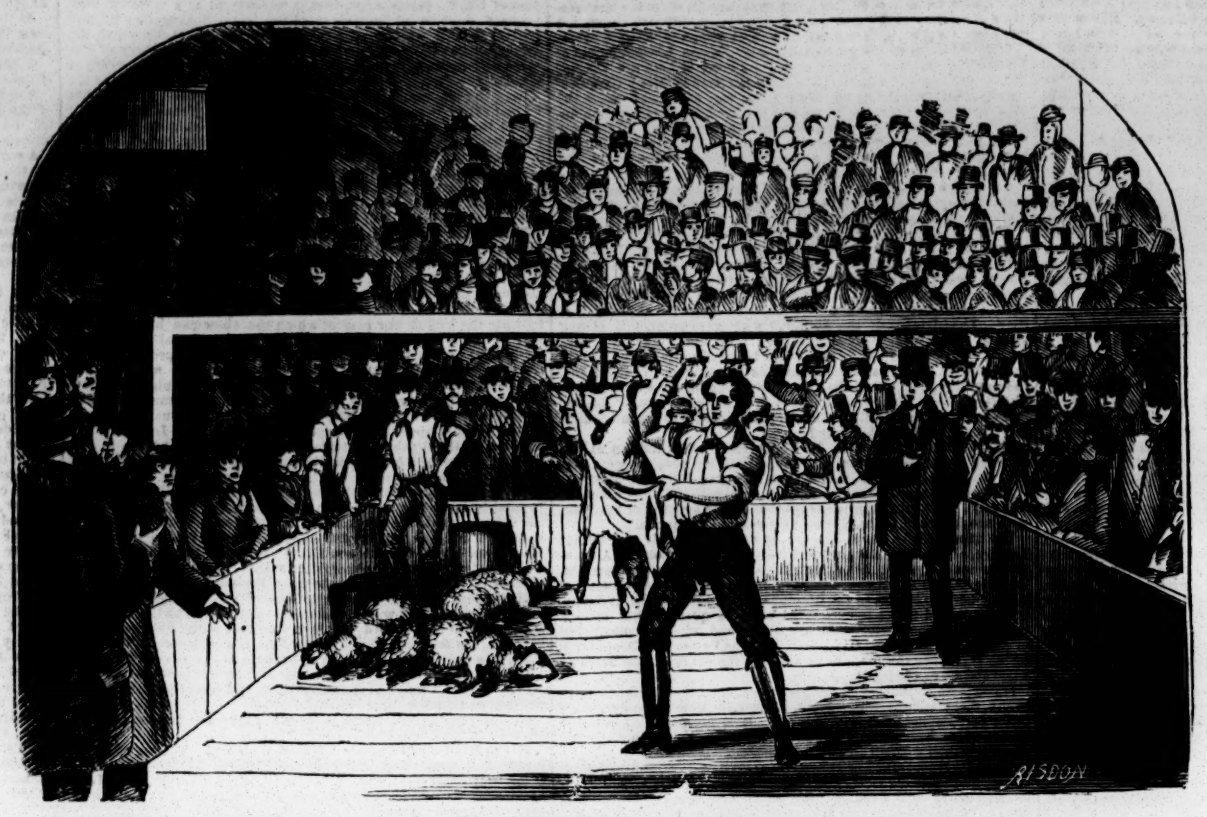
I wud knot dye in wintur,
When whiskey punches flo—
When pooty gals are skating
Oar fealds of ise & sno.
When sassadge meet is phrying
& hickery knuts is thick;
Oh! ze ho cud think ov dyeing,
Or even getting sick.
Nary time.

I wud knot dye in spring time,
& miss the turnip greans,
& the pooty song ov the leetle frawgs,
& the sky-larks arly skreams;
When the burds begin thar wobbling
& taters 'gin to sprout—
When turkeys go to gobbleing,
I wud knot then peg out.
Knot by a jugg ful.

I wud knot dye in summur,
& leve the garden sass—
The roste lam & buttermilk—
The kool plase in the grass;
I wud knot dye in summur,
When everything's so hott,
& leve the whiskey juleps—
Oh! kno, I'de raythor knot.
As I knows on.

I wud knot dye in ortum,
With peeches fit fur eeting,
When the wavy korn is getting wripe,
& kandidates are treeting.
Phor this & other wreasons,
I'de not die in the phall;
& sense I've thort it over,
I wud knot dye at all.
By no manner of means.

An old Dutchman undertook to wallop his son, but Jake turned and walloped him. The old man consoled himself for his defeat by rejoicing at his son's manhood. He said: "Vell, Jake is a shmart fellow. He can vip his own taddy."



SHEEP DRESSING MATCH BETWEEN GORMAN AND DARBY, FOR $100.

At Kerrigan's Hall, Wednesday evening, 6th inst., a full report of which appeared in our last.

Great on the Drinks.—Bill Rigdon, whose ex ploits down on Red River we have mentioned before, had been drinking some, and contrary to his usual custom was blowing considerable, and finally said he could run faster, jump higher, dive deeper and come out drier, chaw more tobaker, drink more whisky, and do more strange, queer, and impossible things, than any man in the crowd, winding up by offering to throw any man, or fight a dozen, one at a time, then and there. A tall, cadaverous, fever-and-ague-looking chap got up and said:—

"I'm in for that last, stranger. I'm some on a wrastle myself, and I'll try you."

At it they went, and Bill got thrown badly. They then tried jumping, and Bill was conbered again. There was no water near to experiment at diving in, and Bill himself proposed that they should try some whisky.

"Wal," said fever and ague, "I don't chaw tobaker, but I jist kin drink you dead drunk in an hour."

"Never! shouted Bill, and they sat down, whiling the time away by playing euchre. Game after game and glass after glass passed, without the least apparent effect upon the stranger, while Bill showed it badly, soon not being able to tell the cards or even to handle them.

At this stage the pale face arose, remarking—

"Wal, I guess as how you're drunk enough, and ef you'll make me one drink, I'll mount my pony and be off."

"What'll you have?" said the clerk.

"Got any brandy?"

"Yes"

"Put in a middling dram. It was done. "Got any red eye?"

"Yes."

"Wal, a leetle of that. Any turpentine?"

"Plenty."

"About a spuneful put in. Any red pepper?"

"Yes."

"Shake in some; and now, my boy, ef you'll put in a leetle of that aquafortis I see up thar, I'll take my drink and be gone."

"My —," groaned Bill, "I should think you would. I give it up. I'm beat. Don't drink that stranger, you'll die sure. I'll never say drink again, I swear I won't—Don't drink it!"

Amid the roars of the crowd the pale gent mounted his pony and cantered away.

Horses and Butter.—A traveller in India relates that the horses of the Meer of Scinde are fed each morning, after being watered, with a pound of coarse sugar and a pound of clarified butter, which are made into balls—that the horses eat greedily after being once used to it. The writer notes that it fattens the horses prodigiously.

SPORTS IN CANADA.

SNOW SHOE RACES. HORSE TALK. CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. THE GAME OF LACROSSE. CURLING. WALKING AND FOOT RACING ON THE ICE. CHESS, ETC.

FROM OUR CANADIAN CORRESPONDENT.

Montreal, January, 1861.

Dear Clipper—In my former letter I promised to write you again, and now fulfil my vow. An error occurred in a single letter which completely altered my meaning, viz:—you mistook my T's for J's, and put *Johogoning* instead of *Tobogoning*. It matters little, however.

We have had very heavy falls of snow lately, which have spoiled our skating, and rather impeded snow shoeing. A five-mile walk, last week, on snow shoes, for a silver medal, opened the races for the present season. We expect some splendid races to come off this month among the various clubs in our city, and anticipate some "tall" walking. I will send you reports of them, and hope they may prove acceptable.

Riding on horseback and sleigh driving are the reigning monarchs at present in Montreal, and the many beautiful steeds, with far more beautiful riders, make us flarly wish that summer would never return. In Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims," the fair equestrienne of the party is described as having "*a paire* of spurrers sharpe," which leads us to think that ladies in olden time sat on horseback as gentlemen now do! What a spectacle it would be to see our maidens of the 19th century straddle legs on a horse! "Perish the idea." There has been a great deal of horseflesh sold this past week, and, in general, pretty high prices have been given. I see some of our best racers are advertised for sale, but I hope they'll not leave the city.

We have a society in Montreal for "preventing cruelty to animals," but the half of the city would require to be members of it, to exert their authority on the inhuman carters who half murder their poor beasts in our very midst. The cabmen here work their horses to death; they haven't got the sense to know that kindness will make a horse do anything; but the whip lash, and often the *whip handle*, is their means of cure. At the meeting of the British Association in Dublin, in August, 1859, Mr. Charles Bianconi stated that he found by experience that he could better work a horse eight miles a-day for six days in the week, than six miles a-day for seven days in the week. By not working on Sunday, he effected a saving of 12 per cent, *and improved his horses*. This statement is founded on the result of forty years experience. We wish it could be generally known, for the sake of the poor ill-treated animals.

When the Prince of Wales was here last summer, a number of players of the "Beaver" and "Montreal" clubs had a contest before H R H. We played against an equal number of Iroquois and Algonquin Indians; and they being more than a match for us, we were fairly beaten. In the accounts given of this game by the New York correspondents, they did not take the trouble to inquire into the nature of Lacrosse, but condemned the game as being foolish, and the players "imitating idiots." These very wise gentlemen should have first learned a little more of the game before they made such sweeping assertions, and it seems strange to us that we who have played Lacrosse for years have not as yet thought the game any more foolish than Cricket; these wise men, who only saw this one game, came to the conclusion that it is a "very silly and aimless game." I hope to be able to change their ideas this coming summer, as I purpose visiting New York, and if you or any other interested person can muster about 12 or more young men, I'll guarantee to start a Lacrosse club in your city. I will bring sufficient "crosses" with me, and in a short time hope to perfect the youth of New York in the elements of the game. You have no idea what a beautiful game it is when played properly. As to that match before the Prince, I have seen better and more earnest games played at private club musters. In Lacrosse, hardly ten minutes pass without every person on the field having had something to do, in throwing the ball, "dodging," &c. In Cricket, some players have to stand like statues for a long time before they ever get a chance to stir their pins. There is not half so much excitement in Cricket as in Lacrosse, and though I do not mean to say that the former is not a noble game, yet I can say with truth that a well-played game of Lacrosse is far more interesting—far more beautiful than the best game of Cricket ever played. If you could form a good Lacrosse club in New York, we might have the pleasure of taking a run over to have a game with you some of these fine days. I am sure if we were certain of getting well-thrashed at our own game, you would have us in New York by the next train.

Our curlers are now stirring themselves, and have begun practice in real earnest. We have two or three rinks in Montreal, which are kept in good order, and I wonder they have not been more used. The first game of curling ever played in this province was played on the mill dam at Beauport, in 1805. After this, an artificial rink was made on one of the wharves in the lower town of Quebec, in 1808, and regularly renewed every season. The stones then used were made of the hardest granite that could be procured, but as the intense frost cracked these, recourse was had to cast iron ones; a model for which was made by a cooper in the lower town, and sent to the forges at Three Rivers, from whence a supply was received; some of which are still in existence, and in the possession of the Quebec Curling Club.

I really forgot to mention some splendid pedestrianism that came off on our river last week. The prizes were open to all comers, and were well contested. First, four privates of the R C. Rifles, in our garrison, set off for a walk of six miles, accoutred in heavy marching order, with knapsack and kit, and all the usual traps of a private soldier, weighing 60 lbs. Two of the soldiers came in together, having accomplished the six miles in 60 minutes four seconds. Next came a walk of two miles; this was won by a young chap, who made both miles in 14 minutes 15 seconds. Some very fine running was made; a mile having been done in 4½ minutes; other walks and races came off, and the good time made proves the perfection which practice can make in walking and running.

I think Montreal is about to furnish the Chess world with a second Staunton, for we have a young man in our city, only 18 yrs. old, who has beaten our very best players; he has played blindfold, and invariably wins. He is a remarkable instance of the great skill in Chess shown by Paul Morphy and other young aspirants.

I hope soon to send you some article that will please your readers, on "Snow Shoeing," "Tobogoning," and our other sports in winter.

Yours truy, Oscrola.

Churches in New York City.—The number of churches in New York city, as shown by the latest census, is 253, capable of seating an average of 1 000 persons each. The value of the churches is an average of $42,760 each, or a total of $11,818,460. In 1850 the number of the churches was 214, with a capacity for seating an average of 1,024 persons each. The average value of each church was $42 254, making a total valuation of $9,098,700. The population of the city in 1850 numbered 515,547—2404 persons for each church, a little more than twice as many as the churches could accommodate. The present population of the city being 814 254, there are now 3,218 persons for each church, which is more than three times as many as there is church accommodation for. Thus it appears that while in 1850 one-half of the people in the city could be seated in church of a Sunday—supposing them properly habited to pass inspection by the sexton—at the present time but one-third of the people could enjoy that privilege. In the Third Ward there is one church; in the First and Fourth, two; in the Second and Sixth, three; in the Eighteenth there are twenty six; the number in the remaining wards range from seven to twenty-one.

A NEW SONG,

WRITTEN BY EDWARD BERRY,

And first sung by Dick Parker, at the Volks Garden, Bowery, N. Y.

I.

Good evening, white folk all,
I have made this little call,
To tell a thing just popp'd into my cran'um.
It's all about the times,
And I've done it up in rhymes,
To the tune of the Happy Land of Canaan.
Oh, oh, oh, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Every honest hand I'd put a cane in,
To whip them all that tried
This Union to divide,
And send 'em to the Happy Land of Canaan.

II.

Some folks talk about the South,
But they'd better shut their mouth,
For the niggers on a Southern plantation
Are better off by far
Than the Northern poor folks are,
For they've always got a steady situation.
Chorus.

III.

Some people, now-a days,
Have very curious ways,
And say, "Human flesh was never made to trade in,"
With words of freedom on their lips,
They'll fit out clipper-ships,
And send niggers to the Happy Land of Canaan.
(Spoken) That's Cuba; that's their Happy Land of Canaan, where they get a good price for the niggers.
Chorus.

IV

It's a funny thing to me,
That the "nigger" now should be
The question everybody wants explainin',
When there's not a single man
For the niggers care a d——n—
But they'd send 'em to the Happy Land of Canaan.
(Spoken) It ain't niggers, it's de dollars makes de trouble; dem folks what can't get de spoils, do dere best to spoil de chances of dem that does get 'em; dat's where de trobble is.
Chorus.

V.

We hear some funny tales,
About Abe Lincoln splitting rails,
That his reputation never had a stain on,
But this Union he can't split,
For men will come together yet,
And send factions to the Happy Land of Canaan.
Chorus.

VI

Then let us shout Hurra!
For our country, near and far,
Let the North and South good feeling be regainin',
And join in sweet communion
To preserve our glorious Union,
And send discord to the Happy Land of Canaan.
Chorus.

Prices of Horses in England.—Among the more important fairs for the sale of live stock, so common in Great Britain, is the horse fair, regularly held at York, the week before Christmas. From the report of sales at this fair, the present season, it appears that foreign dealers and gentlemen avail themselves of the occasion as well as those from distant parts of the united kingdom. An officer of the Royal Artillery was present during the week, making purchases for the army. Mr. Vandelin, a foreign dealer, also possessed an extensive commission, and he secured eight fine stallions for exportation to Italy. He also purchased other classes of animals for a similar purpose. Hunters were disposed of at prices varying from £100 to £400, the latter figure for "horses of celebrity, and up to heavy weight." Horses described as well bred upstanding young horses, with great action, suitable for private carriage purposes; selections of match colts, of good fashion, and grays or bays; and active, light stepping horses, adapted for brougham or light carriage work, are all priced at from £70 to £100; useful, fast going animals, for single harness, £40 to £50; thick-set, short jointed young horses, for hackney work, £26 to £30; well framed, powerful, light-legged young horses, for van or railway work, £30 to £40; cover, hack and roadsters, £30 to £40; well-bred Galloways, £10 to £20; neat going, compact-built cobs, £40 to £50; weight-carrying, handsome cobs, £60 to £70; neat young ponies, £10 to £20; ditto, well-matched pairs, £15 to £25 each; well-timbered, active young cart horses, suitable for London work, £20 to £40; according to merit. Matched teams of fast-walking young horses, £25 to £48; useful seasoned horses, for agricultural purposes and machine work, £28 to £37; two year-old cart horses, £15 to £20; yearlings, none shown; farm stock, none on offer; stallions, from £200 to £400.

A Lordly Friend to Good Air and Ventilation.—From the following anecdote of the British Premier, it would seem that he is unwilling that the above sanitary advantages should be denied even to prisoners:—"Lord Palmerston owns so many houses that he does not know half of them when he sees them. The other day, while visiting his Fairburn estate in West Riding, Yorkshire, he called at every farm, every house and every cottage on the property, examining with a minute eye the condition of the land, listening with great attention to the representations of the different tenants, and giving directions to his stewards for such alterations and improvements as he deemed necessary. Passing along the irregular straggling hamlet, his attention was attracted by a strong, heavy looking stone structure, which stands frowning grimly by the road side. The diminutive but firmly barred aperture, which alone supplies, in infinitessimal quantities, light and air to the interior chamber, the stout, black oaken door, thickly studded with iron and fastened with a huge, heavy padlock, ominously betokened its character and the purposes for which, in past ages, it had obviously served. His lordship inquired what the building was now used for. The reply was: 'It is the parish prison or lock up' The Viscount, who had by this time peeped into it, observed: 'It is a dungeon worthy of Naples. To whom does it belong?' 'It is your lordship's property,' said the Vicar. 'Then let it be pulled down at once!' was the order immediately issued."

Times Not as They Used To Be.—"The following is a lively take-off, in regard to new modes of expression.—Folks don't go to bed now-a-days—they retire. Nobody eats their dinner—people take some refreshment. Nobody goes to church—but people attend divine service. There is no Sunday—it is a Sabbath. No one gets his tooth pulled—it is extracted. Instead of drinking tea or coffee, the fashionable only sip a little. No one tears a hole in his pantaloons—but it is no rare thing that he lacerates them. The ladies don't go a visiting—they only step in to pass the evening. Our grandma's used hard backed-chairs—but our belles have stuffed backs to their seats."

MARKED CARDS 50 cents per Pack.—Advantage, or Stamped Cards, sent to any address, on receipt of 50 cents, coin or stamps. [37] H. E. STORY, Boston, Mass.

Books, "Books," Books.—Notice.—Removal.—The rapid increase of our business has obliged us to Remove from our former location, 16, to the new marble buildings, which have just been erected at 86 Nassau street, to which our readers will please direct all orders for *Books* and other articles—any orders that may have been sent to 16 will reach us, as our *Post Office Box* obviates any miscarriage of letters. With our increased facilities, we are enabled to attend to all orders for Books, Cards, Prints, Sporting articles and merchandise of any and every description, (large or small), with the utmost promptness, forwarding the same on the day received, and packed in the most compact and substantial manner, at the lowest market price, post paying all books and articles sent by mail. Any book you see advertised no matter where, or by whom published, enclose the price in cash, or stamps, to our address, and you will receive the work ordered by return of mail—Post paid. If you wish a Catalogue, write—we pay postage. If you wish to know the price of any article of merchandise or any book you may be in want of, write, we will give you the information and pay postage on your letter. If you really wish something good, send for our catalogue it will please you certain. Address, Thomas Ormsby, General Purchasing Agency, 86 Nassau street, New York

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE; or, Secrets and Patents Revealed. This wonderful Book contains: The Secret of Beauty; Artificial Honey Recipe; Hunters', Trappers', and Fishers' Secrets; Whiskers and Moustaches in Six Weeks; Corns, Warts, &c., removed; French Gold; Silver Plating; Hair Restorer; Teeth Cleaner; Invisible Writing Fluid; Soaps, Inks, Stains, Cements, Chemical Compounds, Essences, Imitations, &c; How to Make Money; and nearly 100 other choice recipes, magic arts, and valuable discoveries. Sent, post paid, for 25 cents. Address
45 1t* V. C. LIONE, Syracuse, N. Y.

EDITORS will please send a copy of their paper. with terms for advertising, to Box No. 10, Shirley Village, Mass. [45

BOATS—LAPSTREAK, SHELL, RACE AND CLUB BOATS—MAHOGANY SHELL BOATS. SPRUCE AND ASH RACE BOAT OARS.
Owing to the increased demand this season for the above class of Boats and Oars, we would inform the public that we have enlarged our facilities for building, and can fill all orders with promptness and dispatch. We are determined to maintain the reputation which our Boats have for Speed, Strength and Elegance.
O. K. INGERSOLL, Proprietor of the Largest and Cheapest Wooden and Metallic Boat Bazaar in the World.
One hundred Boats constantly on hand. 45 4t

CAME TO THE PREMISES of 105 Bond street, Brooklyn, a Red Dog. The owner can have him by proving property and paying expenses. 45 3t*

BOOKS, PRINTS, CARDS, &c., AT HALF PRICE.
Do not fail to write for our Catalogue before purchasing elsewhere. Address P. O. Box No. 10, Shirley Village, Mass. 45-2t*

CARDS THAT YOU CAN CHANGE from one size to another without detection, sent free of all expense on receipt of 25 cents in coin or stamps, by H B. GRAY,
$7-1t Boston, Mass.

PAPER, PAPER, PAPER.—The largest stock of book news and wrapping paper in the city.
STRAW BOARDS and STRAW PAPERS for Shipping.
CANDLE-WICK and CAP-WASTE.
31 tf BEEBE, HALL & SANDS, 27 Beekman st.

THE MAGIC TRICK CARDS.—I will send one pack (free), on receipt of 25 cents, coin or stamps. Try them.
37-1t H. B. GRAY, Boston, Mass.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!
Sporting Articles, Cards and Prints.
J. H. FARRELL, Bookseller, 14 and 16 Ann st., New York.
Books of every variety, either Foreign or Domestic, furnished on application.
Parties desiring books of any description, by sending address post paid, will receive immediate attention.
All Books, Sporting and Fancy Articles you may see advertised will be furnished to order.
Catalogues sent on application Address
J. H. FARRELL,
Dealer in Books and Fancy Articles,
31 4t* 14 and 16 Ann street, New York

GAME FOWLS!—GAME FOWLS!
OF THE PUREST AND BEST STRAINS,
Always on hand, either for Breeding or Pit purposes, such as Clippers, Tartars, Rattlers, Prince Charles, Baltimore Top Knots, Sergeants, Counterfeits, and all the English varieties. Best tempered Gaffs mailed to order. Also, Cooper's Work on Cocking, price $1.
1 4t Address J. W. COOPER, Media, Delaware Co., Pa.

BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL MOUSTACHES, cannot be designated from natural ones; warranted to fit all; 30 cts. a pair (coin,) four pairs $1. Address
43-3t* W. F. HARRIS, St. Louis, Mo

BOOKS, CARDS, PRINTS, ETC.—Catalogues sent to any part of the United States and Canada free of charge. Address N. B. HOWARD, 23 Ann street, N. Y.
No fraud practised. 42 4t

THE OLD ESTABLISHED BOOK AGENCY.—Orders respectfully solicited. Send for a Circular.
[27-tf] HENRY STEPHENS, 85 Nassau street, New York.

BOXING AND SWORD GLOVES, Riding and Shooting Leggins, and Buckskin Shooting Coats, manufactured by HEALY & CO.,
8-tf S. E. cor. Fourth and Chesnut sts., Philad'a, Pa.

SEND FIVE DOLLARS and get One Dozen Packs of Advantage Cards, sent to any address. H. E STORY,
37 Boston, Mass.

50 CENTS FOR ONE PACK; $2 50 for Six; $5 for Twelve Packs, of either Stamped Cards or Strippers, for any game—or Invincibles—sent immediately on receipt of price, by
37 H. E. STORY, Boston, Mass.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S IMPROVED

BILLIARD TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.
Protected by Letters Patent dated Feb. 19, 1856; Oct. 23, 1854. Dec. 8, 1857; Jan. 12, 1858; Nov. 16, 1858; and March 29, 1895.
The recent improvements in these Tables make them unsurpassed in the world. They are now offered to scientific Billiard players as combining speed with truth never before obtained in any Billiard Table.
Salesroom, Nos. 786 and 788 Broadway, New York.
Manufactory, Nos. 63, 65, 67 and 69 Crosby street.
PHELAN & COLLANDER, Sole Manufacturers.

PHELAN'S NEW BOOK.—"The Game of Billiards" 4th edition, enlarged, revised, illustrated with additional diagrams and a portrait on steel of the author. Price, one dollar, elegantly bound, sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price.
PHELAN & COLLANDER,
63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby street.

READ! READ! READ!
BOOKS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
CATALOGUES SENT FREE.
DO YOU WANT ANYTHING FROM NEW YORK?
IF YOU DO,
YOU CAN HAVE ANY BOOK YOU SEE ADVERTISED, NO MATTER WHERE, OR BY WHOM PUBLISHED, SENT TO YOUR ADDRESS, BY ENCLOSING THE PRICE IN CASH OR STAMPS TO OUR ADDRESS. YOU WILL RECEIVE THE WORK BY RETURN OF MAIL, POST PAID.
You can have any article you wish, that cannot be obtained in the city or town where you reside, sent to your address lower than you could buy it yourself.
W. M. HATHAWAY'S
COMMISSION BUREAU AND GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,
No. 23 Ann street, New York.
BOOKS, MUSIC, PLAYING CARDS, PRINTS, CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, FANCY GOODS, GLOVES, FOILS, SPORTING ARTICLES, AND MERCHANDISE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Purchased and forwarded to any part of the United States or Canada, at the lowest rates. If you wish to know the price of any article of Merchandise, or any Book you may be in want of, write, we will give you the information, and pay postage on your letter.
Send for a Catalogue, and address
W. M. HATHAWAY,
General Publishing Agent,
44 4t* 23 Ann street, New York.

BOOKS, PRINTS, CARDS, &c.—CATALOGUES sent to the country on receipt of a three cent stamp.
Address JOHN ATCHISON,
93 Duane street, N. Y.
No fraud practised. No agents employed. 9

EXTRA!
BOOKS
BOOKS
BOOKS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
CATALOGUES SENT FREE.
CATALOGUES SENT FREE.
CATALOGUES SENT FREE.
READ THIS.
READ THIS.
READ THIS.
DO YOU WISH ANYTHING FROM NEW YORK?
IF YOU DO,
YOU CAN HAVE ANY BOOK YOU SEE ADVERTISED SENT TO YOUR ADDRESS, POST PAID, BY REMITTING THE PRICE IN CASH OR STAMPS.
You can have any article you wish that cannot be obtained in the city or town where you reside, sent to your address lower than you could buy it yourself.
THE OLD ESTABLISHED
THOMAS ORMSBY'S
COMMISSION BUREAU, AND GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,
No. 86 Nassau street, New York.
BOOKS, CARDS, PLAYING CARDS, PRINTS, CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, FANCY GOODS, GLOVES, FOILS, SPORTING ARTICLES, and MERCHANDISE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Purchased and forwarded to any part of the United States or Canadas, at the lowest rates. Catalogues sent free. References given when required. Any information promptly transmitted without charge
Send for a Catalogue,
Send for a Catalogue,
Send for a Catalogue,
and address
and address
THOMAS ORMSBY,
General Purchasing Agent,
86 Nassau street, New York.
P. S.—All books formerly advertised in this paper sent as usual.

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS.—Send your address and two red stamps to HOWARD M. GRAVES, Boston Post Office, Mass., and he will inform you, by return mail, of a sure method of winning at all the various games. $7-1t

BOOKS, CARDS, PRINTS, and Fancy Articles of every description, selling at the very lowest, in fact at half prices. Be sure and send for a catalogue before purchasing elsewhere, as I can afford to sell cheaper than any other parties in the same business. All orders, large or small, thankfully received, and filled with the utmost promptness and fidelity. Catalogues sent to all parts of the country on receipt of a three cent stamp.
Address CHARLES CONROY,
35 4t 62 Warren—or 5 Hudson st., New York City.